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NELSON'S MALAYAN READERS

Book VI

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NELSON'S
MALAYAN READERS

A SERIES OF READERS FOR ENGLISH SCHOOLS IN MALAYA

BOOK VI

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NOTE

It is suggested that this Series should be used as follows :

Book I. Standard II. (or Upper I.), or for Malay I. in the second half of the year.

Book II. Standard III. (or Upper II.), or for Malay II. in the first half of the year.

Book III. Standard IV. (or Upper III.), or for Malay II. in the second half of the year.

Book IV. Standard V. (or Upper IV.).

Book V. Standard VI.

Book VI. Standard VII., or Cambridge Local classes.

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PREFACE TO BOOKS V. AND VI.

THESE books represent an important advance on the earlier books of this series in several aspects, suited to the pupil's advance in the power of reading and speaking English.

The reading lessons have not been specially written for these books in a style such as is necessary for younger pupils. They are passages selected from well-known books written for English readers by men of distinction in various spheres, with only such alterations as will avoid special difficulties in the school. The pupil is introduced to books which are to be found in the great libraries of the world. He learns that notable books have been written about Malaya by many authors, and finds that it is within his power to read these books. And it is hoped that the extracts here given will make the pupil wish to read more of the books from which they come—books of adventure stories which will interest him, and of first-hand descriptions of places and things that he

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himself may have seen or would like to see. As a further step he may be led to books other than those about Malaya, and enjoy these also.

At the stages for which Books V. and VI. are designed, the formal conversation exercises given in the earlier books should not be necessary, and would not now be adequate for the needs of the pupil. The amount and the kind of conversation practice is therefore left to the discretion of the teacher, who must consider in every case the degree of fluency attained by his class. The books have been entirely devoted to the provision of reading matter, but the need for oral practice still remains.

The compilers wish to express their thanks to the authors and publishers who have granted permission to use the selections in these books, and whose names are appended to the lessons. Every effort has been made to get into touch with authors and publishers, and where the compilers have failed to do so they can only express the hope that they have committed no inadvertent infringement of copyright.

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Lesson 1

STAMFORD RAFFLES

When Sir Stamford Raffles landed on the mangrove-covered bank of the Singapore River, on the 28th January 1819, he was almost thirty-eight years old. A long record of great achievements had placed his name high among the statesmen and pioneers of the East Indies. Every step he took for the establishment of a new colony was marked by confidence and skill. He remained in Singapore about nine brief days ; but when he left, all the plans of the future city were so clearly defined that not even after one hundred years have they been altered.

Some men build pyramids and palaces, and therefore are remembered ; some discover continents ; some write noble books. Raffles planted a seed. That was all. But it was the

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seed of a city. Great events were made possible when he founded the little trading-station over a hundred years ago, and Raffles knew it.

His Life before 1819

He was born on board the merchant vessel of which his father was captain, as it lay off Jamaica on the 5th July 1781. When he was only fourteen years old he had to leave school and look for work. In 1795 he was given a post in the office of the East India Company. It is interesting to note that at that time there was also in the Company's service a young man, six years older, named Charles Lamb.

The desk could not hold Raffles. From the beginning he wanted to go abroad. He tried to make up for his lack of education by working at night. He took courses of study in languages and science in his leisure hours. In one of his letters we learn about his habits and his difficulties. One night, he tells us, he was at work on his books. He was reading by candle-light. It was past midnight. The door of his bedroom was opened, and the voice of his mother rebuked him. 'Tom,' she said, 'aren't you

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in bed yet? It's very late. You're wasting money burning so many candles, and you know we can't afford it.'

Raffles never forgot his early poverty. His difficulties made him determined to go abroad. It came as a reward and a great opportunity when he was offered a post as secretary in the Company's new Presidency at Penang. He was twenty-four years old. He learned to read Malay during the five months of the voyage. In a very short time after his arrival, he was a better Malay scholar than the official interpreter.

After he had been in Penang some time he fell ill, and got permission to take a short sea trip to Malacca. The Penang authorities had decided to destroy Malacca, which was a rival to their town. They wanted to abandon it in order to help the trade of Penang. That was the policy. The Supreme Government at Bengal, a thousand miles away, had agreed. It was ordered that every public building in Malacca was to be destroyed, and the inhabitants were to be driven away. When Raffles was there for his short holiday he realized the folly of this policy. Malacca appeared to him to be a natural centre for trade in the Straits. No other place had any

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traditions of past glory. Malays, Chinese, Portuguese, Dutch, and now British had all built civilizations there. But this had seemed nothing to the traders in the northern settlement. All they saw in Malacca was a trade rival.

'You cannot force trade,' said Raffles. 'Trade must be free if it is to flourish. Associations, native customs, historic memories—all act as magnets for trade. You may drive trade out of Malacca, but it doesn't follow that it will go to Penang.'

The result was that he wrote a letter to Lord Minto, the chief of the Bengal Government, and the whole policy was altered, and the destruction was never carried out.

Great events were happening in Europe. Napoleon was at the height of his power. Holland and all its colonies had come under the French rule. Dutchmen and Frenchmen were hoping to drive the British out of the East Indies. Rumours of this were heard in the gossip of the bazaars. But the authorities took no notice. Raffles heard the gossip and knew what the Dutch would do, but could get no one to listen to him.

At last he made a bold move. He left his

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family, embarked in a small vessel for Calcutta (June 1810), and presented himself before his chief, Lord Minto. There had been some talk about Raffles being appointed as Governor of the Molucca Islands, and Minto, thinking Raffles had come to ask for this, was about to dismiss him with the remark that the post had been promised to another, when Raffles said that it was not about the Moluccas he had come, but about some other islands, Java among them. Raffles himself has put it on record that when he mentioned Java, Lord Minto 'cast upon him a strange, keen, penetrating, but kind look, such as never could be forgotten.'

Discussion followed. Minto had long desired information, and wanted a man he could trust. Both had now come to him unexpectedly in the visit of this unusual secretary. So Raffles went back to the Straits Settlements as Agent to the Governor-General in the Malay States, with his headquarters at Malacca. For several months Raffles carried on this work. Not a whisper of his plans reached the Dutch. It was known, of course, that something big was being planned, but no one knew what it was. At last all was ready. Minto himself arrived. When he was consulted about the

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proposed attack upon Java, even the Naval Commander-in-Chief thought it madness. This did not stop Raffles. In June 1811 the fleet sailed, choosing a channel which the naval experts condemned, but which Raffles had heard about from some friendly Javanese. The attack took Java by complete surprise. By the battle of Cornelis, Java became British.

It was only right that the one man whose genius had seen and seized the opportunity should be rewarded. Minto was generous enough to see that. And so, by one step, the obscure young secretary, then thirty years old, became Lieutenant-Governor of Java. For the next five years Java was under Raffles' care. The greatest period of his career followed. Java had a great influence upon him. It prepared him for his work.

It has been said that tyranny usually leads to disaster, and there is not a story in all history that gives better proof of this than the story of Java. Its rich soil, and its simple and contented people, had made Java a natural paradise when the Dutch entered it as traders and conquerors in the seventeenth century. During the century previous to this, Holland had defended Europe against the cruelties of Spain ;

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but the Dutch did not bring liberty to Java. They were traders rather than statesmen. They made the mistake of thinking that colonies should exist for the benefit not of the people but of the colonists. This was the chief mistake in their policy. Raffles was opposed to that policy, and he always fought hard against it.

Raffles ruled Java for five critical years. He was able to claim that in these years he had carried out more reforms than the Dutch in their two centuries of rule. Slavery was abolished ; the use of torture in the law courts was stopped ; trial by jury was instituted ; the ownership of land was so arranged that the Government's income depended upon the people's prosperity. The result was that the revenue went up to seven times the highest total reached before, and Raffles inspired a feeling of confidence, so that loyalty and peace were assured. When the island was restored to the Dutch in 1816 all these changes were quietly accepted and continued.

Of course Raffles was hated. No man can do work which overturns other men's plans, and deprives rascals of their gains, without being hated. But Raffles suffered from slander as well as hatred. His slanderers were men

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who worked with him. There were two of them: one was Balgrave, and the other was Gillespie. Balgrave was proceeding to the Moluccas in the Company's service shortly after the British were established in Batavia, and, attracted by the new colony, readily accepted a temporary post as secretary on Raffles' staff. He soon proved unsuitable. Raffles told him he was no longer wanted in Java, and could go on to his post at the Moluccas. Balgrave refused to take these instructions, and was dismissed. Instead of going on to the Moluccas he made his way to Calcutta. In Calcutta he met General Gillespie, who also disliked Raffles.

Gillespie was a man of considerable influence and achievements. As commander of the troops in Java he had been given a seat on the council when Raffles was made Governor in 1811. The two were never friendly. Raffles wanted to reduce expenses and send away some of the troops. Gillespie always wanted large forces, pleading that the Dutch might try to recover their lost island. But this was not all. After the battle of Jocjocarta, in June 1812, Gillespie's troops plundered the captured town. Gillespie apparently agreed with this, and Raffles, as

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Governor, strongly protested. The General was compelled to admit his error, giving the weak excuse that he had been wounded, and that discipline in the army had been allowed to slacken.

Afterwards Gillespie went to live at Tjipanas, in the mountains, beside the mineral springs. There he lived in luxury on an extensive estate. He refused to pay taxes because he was head of the army ; he also hired labourers, but paid them no wages, in spite of the promise of the Government that all labour would be paid for. It was an attempt to re-introduce, for his own personal benefit, the former evil system which was carried on under Franco-Dutch rule. Raffles made sure of his facts, and then accused Gillespie. Gillespie was very angry. He lost his temper completely. But Raffles was determined, and Gillespie had to give way.

In the career of Raffles there are several quarrels of this kind. Wherever he went he had enemies, because he was a strong man. In Penang it was Bannerman, in Java it was Gillespie, in Singapore it was Farquhar. One wonders who was to blame. It certainly looks bad when a man has many enemies. It suggests that he cannot always be right. But

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Raffles only quarrelled when he honestly thought it necessary to do so.

It happened that Lord Minto retired a few weeks after Gillespie arrived in Calcutta. He was succeeded by Lord Moira (afterwards Lord Hastings), who did not know Raffles.

Balgrave and Gillespie plotted together, and on the 1st January 1814 Lord Moira's Council had before them charges against the Governor of Java. The Secret Department conducted the inquiry. Seventeen definite charges were examined, the chief being that Raffles had been a private buyer of Government lands when he was Governor of Java; that he had rejected the highest offer in favour of himself and his friends; that he had rewarded his chief partner with the lease of a mountain famous for its edible birds' nests at an absurdly small sum.

The charges were a cunning mixture of truth and falsehood. It was true that Raffles had privately purchased Government land, and this was against the rules of the Company. But there were special reasons, and it was done in order to help the colony. At first the commercial leaders were not ready to purchase land. So Raffles became a joint purchaser with others at a public sale. This gave the neces-

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sary confidence, and the commercial future of the colony was assured. Lord Minto, in his original instructions to Raffles, had seen that this might be necessary, and had given his approval. Gillespie himself, as a member of the Council, had given his consent at the time. Of course the Governor was not usually allowed to buy land for himself. But Raffles did so on this occasion to encourage timid buyers, and he succeeded in his object. Gillespie did not protest at the time. He was present at the sale. He was silent when he should have spoken ; now he spoke when he should have been silent.

The other charges were mostly false. But as a result of the secret inquiries a letter containing all the charges and demanding explanations was sent, and on the 24th February 1814 it arrived in Java, without previous warning of any kind. It fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

The day the letter arrived a large party of British and Dutch residents had assembled at Government House, Buitenzorg. A play was to be performed by the members of Raffles' staff, and a ball was to follow. After three years of hard work Raffles had gained the confidence

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of all, so that even Dutch and British had become friendly. There did not seem a cloud in the sky; and this brilliant assembly celebrated his achievement. In the midst of the festivity the blue packet with its red tape and seal was handed to the host, and, excusing himself to his guests, he retired for a few minutes to read the message. When he returned, no visitor noticed the slightest change in his manner. He went in and out among his friends and guests smiling and cheerful. Only Olivia, his wife, saw the look of pain in his eyes.

It was very late when all the guests had left. He sank into a chair, and for a moment felt as if he would faint. Then he recovered, and looked up at Olivia, smiling. The smile did not deceive her.

'What has happened, Stamford?' she asked. 'Something is wrong. Tell me.'

'Oh, it's only a letter that I have received from Calcutta. I must answer it at once. Here it is. Read it. While you are reading, I will think out my reply.'

She took the big blue packet from his hand, opened it, and slowly read it. Suddenly she exclaimed—

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'Oh, I can't stand it!'

'Stand it? Stand what?' Raffles quietly asked.

'I can't stand your quietness when you are slandered like this,' she said.

As she spoke, she crumpled up the papers in her hand. Then she threw them on the floor and stamped on them repeatedly.

'Don't, Olivia, don't! That's Government paper. You must show it proper respect.'

'No!' she cried. 'It's a viper—a wicked viper—a cold-blooded, stinging viper.'

Then she burst into tears. When she recovered he said—

'That's better, my dear. You are a good wife. Your anger has helped me, and cleared my brain. Now I can write my reply. We will write it together before we go to bed. Then we shall both feel better in the morning.'

And the letter that was written may be read in Boulger's *Life of Sir Stamford Raffles*.

The result of all this was very sad. Before Raffles' reply reached Calcutta General Gillespie was dead; he was killed at the battle of Kalunga. The Government Secret Department, which had been so ready to accept the charges, was very slow in considering the reply to them.

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Thirteen months passed before Lord Moira's decision was issued. Meanwhile many things had happened. The great European war was ended. The British had given Java back to the Dutch. Olivia was dead. Raffles had been appointed Governor of Bencoolen.

Before taking up his new duties he went to England for his first leave. There he asked the Supreme Council to acquit him. Then it was found that dispatches from Java had never been opened ; no one in London then realized the importance of the island, although at that time it was more valuable than British India. Raffles was acquitted on the 13th February 1817, but it had taken him three years to clear himself.

When Raffles was saying good-bye to his Java staff in March 1816, he said : ' You have been with me in the days of happiness and joy—under the enchanting spell of one of whom the recollection awakens feelings which I cannot suppress.' It was of Olivia he spoke. He had been married twelve years when the words were spoken, and, though he married again and had a family of young children, there is no doubt that he never loved any one else as much as he had loved her.

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She was ten years older than he was, and a widow when he first met her. One day in 1804 a tall Irish lady with flashing black eyes, named Mrs. Olivia Fancourt, called at the East India House for her widow's pension. Her husband had been an assistant surgeon in India from 1791 until his death in 1800. Raffles received her and dealt with her business. About six months later, before he went to Penang, the two were married.

It was not only Raffles who admired Olivia. Among the ladies of the Court at Calcutta Lord Minto distinguishes her as ' the great lady with dark eyes, lively manner, accomplished and clever.' John Leyden, in a letter, called her ' my dear sister Olivia,' and wrote a poem about her immediately after a visit to Penang, during which he had been the guest of Raffles and Olivia at ' Runnymede,' and had been looked after by his hostess during a serious illness.

Raffles, Olivia, and John Leyden were great friends, all full of the same hopes. They dreamed of a new Malay Empire like the ancient Malay Empire. Long centuries ago the many States had been united under one ruler : he was the Bĕtara, or Lord Protector, and ruled in Java.

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The three of them went to Java in 1811. They hoped their dream was to be fulfilled. Unfortunately, two days after the battle of Cornelis, Leyden died. Three years longer Raffles and Olivia worked together, and then Olivia followed Leyden. Raffles was now alone. And when the crash came in 1816, and the British removed from Java, the dream seemed to be shattered. From 1816 to 1819 Raffles was stationed at Bencoolen—out of the way, as his enemies thought. He must have felt very sad and lonely.

Steps towards Singapore

When the fatal decision was made that Java was to be handed back to the Dutch, it seemed the end of British power in Malaya. Pontianak and Malacca fell into their hands. British traders prepared to withdraw. The people of the country were driven from honest trading, and were so severely punished that they became desperate. Bands of pirates increased all along the coasts. Soon Raffles was driven to say, 'I fear the Dutch have hardly left British traders an inch of ground to stand upon.'

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On the 20th March 1818 he arrived at Bencoolen to take up his new work as Governor there. Difficulties surrounded him on every side. It was known that he was not in favour with the London Secret Committee. His friends in England had to use all their influence, and there was great danger that he would lose his post. The authorities were afraid of any further trouble with the Dutch. Now that Napoleon was crushed, they were determined at all costs to maintain peace. But Raffles had come back to Malaya with a clear policy in his mind. He saw further into the future than any one else at the time, and in his opinion the time to act had arrived. It was now or never. He determined to acquire the island of Singapore.

His first step was to win the support of Lord Hastings, who had succeeded Lord Minto as Governor-General. Raffles asked permission to visit Calcutta in order to lay before the Supreme Council there his ideas concerning Sumatra and the Archipelago. His request was granted. Hastings welcomed his bold suggestions, and Raffles came away from the interview with a special commission—to settle the Acheen dispute and to establish a trading station

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somewhere south of Malacca. Rhio and Johore were suggested as possible places. As soon as Hastings had approved this he began to hesitate, for he remembered the opposition to Raffles in England. Raffles seemed to guess this might happen, and acted very quickly. On the 5th December he received his orders. On the 12th December he sailed for Penang. On the 31st December he arrived there, and immediately met with many obstacles.

The arrival of Raffles caused a sensation in Penang. Governor Bannerman, either because he was ready to accept Dutch supremacy in the Straits, or, more probably, because he was jealous of Raffles, did his best to upset the new scheme. The affairs of Acheen and the establishment of new trading stations had formerly been left to Bannerman. He did not want any interference, particularly in Acheen.

Johor, the legitimate King of Acheen, was an educated man who had unworthy friends. There had been disputes in the royal house, and a band of chiefs wished to depose Johor and make Saif king. Saif was the son of Syed Hussain, a wealthy Penang merchant. There was no doubt that the one who could win the support of the British authorities in Penang

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would be successful. By lavish gifts and much plotting the Penang merchant had obtained the favour of the Penang Government, which had joined the plot to dethrone Johor and establish Saif as King of the Acheenese. Six months before this, both claimants had appealed to Lord Hastings, and it was the settlement of this dispute that had been left with Raffles. It was rumoured that he favoured strongly the claims of Johor. His coming did not suit the plans of Syed Hussain and the officials of Penang who were supporting him.

The other part of Raffles' work was also opposed by the Penang Government. Any trading station farther east would be bound to threaten Penang's prosperity. But Raffles believed that unless the British secured a station somewhere on the main trading route towards the south of the Malay Peninsula, the Dutch would soon have entire control of all the Far Eastern commerce.

Dutch trade was increasing everywhere. Malacca had been handed over to them in September 1818, and Major William Farquhar, the British Resident there, was actually in Penang waiting for a homeward-bound ship. When Raffles reached Penang he met Farquhar, who

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agreed with his plans. The news had just arrived that Rhio had been occupied by the Dutch. Farquhar thought that the only other available spot for a British station was the Karimon Islands. Any day the Dutch might land there. No one mentioned Singapore. It was a decayed and forgotten place. Yet already Raffles had fixed on Singapore in his own mind.

The Dutch were pushing into Acheen affairs. A Dutch brig sailed into Telok Samoy and sent a present of three guns to King Johor, saying that, if he wished, the Dutch would become his protector. Johor was tempted, but answered that he would wait first for the reply now daily expected from the British. The truth was that he had received a private letter which Raffles had sent even before he went to consult Lord Hastings in Calcutta, and Johor trusted in that. Still, if the British failed him, he would put himself under the Dutch flag. Knowledge of this made Raffles feel that there was no time to lose. In Acheen, and in the search for a new trading station in the south, every hour counted.

In both affairs Governor Bannerman was a stumbling-block. He would not consent to

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give Raffles the ships and men he needed. He persisted in urging delay. There were difficulties, he said. They had better refer the whole matter again to Calcutta. All of this was simply a clumsy effort to keep Raffles in Penang, and prevent him from going either west or south.

Raffles, as we have seen, found a friend in Farquhar. Let us listen to them talking over the breakfast-table at ' Runnymede,' one morning during the first week of 1819 :—

Farquhar. What do you think you will do ?

Raffles. I haven't made up my mind yet. Things seem to be very crooked here. There is bribery and corruption. Do you know, yesterday a string of pearls was left here as a present to my wife from some wealthy Arab—Hussain himself, I think. Does he think he will bribe me ? I can't make out what the Governor wants. He will not consent to let me go to Acheen or to the south. And he knows very well that every hour is precious.

Farquhar. Well, I won't have anything more to do with it. I want to get home. Now that the Dutch have Malacca and Rhio, we may as well retire. There is only one chance left—

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that is, to get Karimon. If they take Karimon, they will get all the trade in the south.

Raffles. Then you think Karimon is the place? Well, will you join me in securing it? Lord Hastings told me to settle the Acheen affair first, and after that to go south and find a site for a new trading station. From what you say, and from what I know, delay is fatal. If you secure Karimon, I will go to Acheen, settle that, and then come on to join you. In that way we may defeat the enemy in both places.

Farquhar was persuaded. Raffles, of course, had no intention of making Karimon the place. But he was surrounded by conspirators. He knew Hastings had hesitated. As a matter of fact a letter was actually on the way forbidding him to found a new colony. Prompt action was necessary. He went to his desk and wrote to Bannerman—

'My commission is to go first to Acheen and settle the dispute there. After that I have to proceed south and make a stand for British interests at some point beyond Malacca. The Dutch have taken Rhio. This was anticipated by Lord Hastings. My commission tells me to find a spot the Dutch have not yet occupied.

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In my mind I have such a spot where we may maintain the British flag flying. I cannot disobey my instructions, and therefore must go to Acheen first. My decision is made. Give me the necessary facilities so that I may send Farquhar to search for likely places down the Straits, until I am ready to join him.'

This was exactly what his enemies wanted. Bannerman and those around him now thought they had Raffles in their net. Arrangements were hastily made, and on the 18th January Farquhar, in charge of a little squadron of ships, left Penang Roads and sailed towards the south. Farquhar's ships were hardly out of sight when Governor Bannerman wrote to Raffles earnestly urging him to postpone his Acheen mission. Raffles was to remain idle in Penang.

The moment Raffles received the Governor's letter, he acted. A special messenger was secretly sent to Farquhar, whose ships, outside the harbour, were at anchor waiting for the tide that would enable them to pass through the shallow South Channel. Farquhar was instructed to go slowly, so that Raffles could catch up with the squadron. It was late in the afternoon when the message was delivered and

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Farquhar sailed. The ship which had been waiting in readiness to take Raffles to Acheen was in the harbour. All that night busy men were carrying his baggage on board. Before daybreak Raffles was in his study writing a reply to the Governor, and saying : ' I agree to your request to delay my journey to Acheen. Meantime, not to waste time, I am off to join Farquhar to carry out the second part of my commission, and to found the new colony in the south.'

On the morning of the 19th January Bannerman and the other officials found that Raffles had gone. The memorable voyage had begun.

To please Farquhar they halted and inspected Karimon. It was found to be impenetrable jungle, and quite unsuitable. On the evening of the 28th January they cast anchor at Pulau Skijang, and the moment for the great adventure had arrived.

The Great Adventure

In Buckley's *Records of Singapore* the movements of Raffles are described almost step by step when he landed in the morning. The

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entrance to the river was thick with mangrove trees. The little canoe, carrying Raffles and Farquhar and one sepoy soldier, was rowed up the stream some four hundred yards. On their left was a slight hill covered with jungle, and beyond that a wide stretch of marsh. Not an inhabitant was to be seen on that side of the river. On their right appeared a clearing with some forty or fifty Malay huts and one larger house. A few coconut palms stood in the foreground. Boats, swarming with men, women, and children retreated up the river as the strangers advanced.

Opposite the big house the canoe halted, and Raffles and Farquhar landed. Farquhar sat down under the tree, saying, 'I'll wait here and keep my eye on the boat.' Raffles walked up to the house. Farquhar then followed, and came to the edge of the veranda. The Tĕmĕnggong came out and gave them some rambutans. Then Raffles went inside. The conversation that followed pleased the Tĕmĕnggong, and about four in the afternoon Raffles and his companions returned to the ships lying at anchor near St. John's Island.

Next day the work began. Tents and baggage were brought ashore. A well was dug,

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and as a token of friendship all drank from it. Raffles spent most of the day with the Tĕmĕnggong, and discussed making a treaty with him. This was all the Tĕmĕnggong could do, for though he was chief of the island of Singapore, he held his rights under the Sultan of Johore. A difficulty arose because the Sultan had recently died, and two sons claimed the throne. Hussain, the elder, was on the island of Pinigad, near Rhio, waiting there till the dispute should be settled. Raffles sent Farquhar to Pinigad. When he landed there, he found Sultan Hussain willing to help the British. He returned with Sultan Hussain on the 5th February.

Meanwhile, Raffles had made considerable progress with his scheme. The ground for the city had been surveyed. 'Here I am in Singapore,' he wrote to Mr. Marsden. 'It is the very seat of the ancient Malayan Empire. There will be violent opposition on the part of the Government of Penang. But if I keep Singapore I shall be satisfied.' A careful treaty was drawn up on sheets of rough, thick white foolscap. The British were authorized to establish a factory, and in return the Tĕmĕnggong and the Sultan both agreed that no other nation should receive trading rights in

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the place. The British promised full protection to the Malays, and suitable payments to the two chiefs. The seal of the Honourable East India Company was attached to this document. Raffles signed. The ' chops ' of the Sultan and the Tĕmĕnggong were made by holding the brass seal in the smoke of a lamp until it was covered with lamp-black, and then it was pressed upon the paper. The same day Raffles, as Lieutenant-Governor of the new station, handed to Major Farquhar a long letter he had written with instructions for the future development of the city.

At last the dream was becoming reality, and Raffles saw already the crowds flocking to create a flourishing colony. He foresaw that many races would gather at this new port, which would become a great junction of ocean traffic. He wanted to make its government strong enough to prevent crime and to make property secure. The Malays were forbidden to carry the kris ; gambling and cock-fighting were made illegal ; slavery was prohibited ; and many other wise regulations were made. The whole trade of the port was to be free and open to all. There was to be a college, founded and generously endowed for future generations,

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in which Malay and Chinese literature was to be studied, and higher education provided.

Raffles spent very few days in the city which owes most to him: in 1819, from the 28th January to the 7th February, ten days; in 1820, from June to September, barely four months; in 1822–23, from October to June, another eight months. That was all—just one year, in three broken visits; and three-quarters of the time he was ill. He was only thirty-seven years old at the time of this great achievement.

He foresaw that there would be violent opposition to the new colony. The Sultan and the Tĕmĕnggong were afraid of the Dutch; the Dutch governor of Malacca informed Governor Bannerman that Singapore had been seized by force, and threatened to attack the new station. Bannerman replied, stating that he had written to the Governor-General denouncing Raffles' action in seizing Singapore.

When he wrote this cowardly letter, Bannerman had in his hands an urgent appeal from Farquhar asking for reinforcements in view of an expected Dutch attack. Bannerman replied: 'Give up this mad adventure. Are you justified in shedding blood? You must not expect

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help from me till I have heard from Bengal. A force from here could not oppose the overwhelming armament at the disposal of the Batavian Government.'

His letter to Bengal condemned the founding of Singapore, and so, on the 20th February, Lord Hastings wrote to say 'Raffles was not justified in sending Major Farquhar. If the post has not been obtained, he is to desist from any further attempt to establish one.'

If Raffles had gone to Acheen first, as his original commission instructed him, Singapore would never have been founded. Fortunately it was secured three weeks before the dispatch was written. In a later dispatch Hastings said that since the station had been occupied and the British flag hoisted, they must stay there.

His Death

Bencoolen was the headquarters of the Settlements under his care, and Raffles went there when he left Singapore on the 9th June 1823.

The East had now lost its fascination for him. He who had been a proud and happy father suddenly lost all his children. Leopold, then

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two years old, 'the handsomest and most princely little fellow that ever lived' (Raffles' own words), sickened, and after scarcely a day's illness, died in June 1821. Charlotte (the 'Water-Lily' he called her), four years of age, and Stamford, eighteen months, both died in January 1822. In order to save Ella's life it was hastily arranged to send her (she was the only remaining child) to England, but she died too. Under the strain of all these griefs Raffles collapsed. 'I have been desperately ill,' he wrote in February 1822, 'and confined to a dark room the last ten days. A severe fever fell on my brain, and drove me almost to madness. . . . All our thoughts and all our wishes are now turned homewards. . . . Left without a single child, and how recently we had a happy circle!'

He lost friends as well as children. In September 1822 Dr. Jack, the companion of many travels, who was to have accompanied him to England, was struck down with acute malaria, and died in Raffles' house. In 1823 a letter informed him of another blow. 'My dear and valued friend, Captain Salmond, is no more. . . . I have just opened his will, and find he has nominated me as his sole executor

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in the following words : " I appoint my only friend, Sir Stamford Raffles, to be my executor, and I pray God he will take charge of my estate and children." The loss of poor Salmond is quite a death-blow to the Settlement. How is it that all we love and esteem, and in whom we can place confidence, are thus carried off, while the vile and worthless remain ? '

All this troubled one who was usually bright and happy. Abdullah said of him, ' He spoke in smiles.' Little things gave him delight. He enjoyed the gambols of a monkey or the prattle of a child. The discovery of a rare plant or an unusual animal was certain to interest him and make him happy. He liked to have people about him. He was simple, energetic, courageous, and helpful. Yet he was never strong. His spirit carried him through. He was often ill. In his later days one of his hands became cramped ; he suffered agonizing pains in the head. ' Sir Stamford is a very bad patient,' wrote Dr. Jack once, ' there is no keeping up his spirits when he is ill.' In the eyes of the Malays he was a king. He loved them, and they in turn worshipped him. He was able to get the best out of all who worked for him.

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The time came for him to leave the East for ever. But between Raffles and the Company that employed him there were many causes of quarrel, and one of the chief troubles was his desire to spend the Company's money in collecting objects of natural history and scientific interest. As the Company objected, Raffles had to spend his own money on these things. And when the chartered ship, *Fame*, was ready to sail in February 1824, she carried as her cargo a menagerie and museum, animals and plants and curios, as well as three thousand drawings and maps, one a great map of Sumatra on which he had spent years of labour. Many of these things were priceless because they could not be replaced, and the whole was reckoned by Raffles to have cost him about £30,000.

Everything promised a quiet voyage, and after that retirement and well-earned rest. On the first night at sea, soon after eight o'clock, there was an alarm of fire. A careless steward had gone down to the storeroom with a naked light in his hand to get some brandy. He slipped, the light fell, the brandy took fire, and in a few minutes the whole ship was in flames. Ten minutes after the cry of alarm all the crew and passengers were out on the sea in two frail,

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small boats, and Raffles had to leave his collection to be destroyed by fire. Eighteen hours later a very faint and hungry company landed at Bencoolen, glad to escape with their lives. It was two months before another ship could be ready. During that time, with wonderful perseverance, Raffles managed to gather another great collection of specimens.

On his way home, when the boat stopped at St. Helena, he heard that his mother was dead. He landed at Portsmouth on the 22nd August, shaken, but ' in better health than could have been expected.'

He settled down at Hendon, and set to work to help Sir Humphry Davy, who wished to found the Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park. He still suffered from headaches, which prevented him from working. He had a severe stroke, but he recovered, and again became full of plans. Many of his friends urged him to enter Parliament, but there were several accounts between him and the Honourable Company not yet settled, and some of them were old accounts dating back to the time when he was in Java.

On the 12th April 1826 he was informed that the Directors demanded £22,272 from

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him. A few days later he learned that the bank in India which was in charge of his Eastern property had failed. Blow had followed blow.

On Tuesday, the 4th July, he went to bed at eleven o'clock. The next day was his forty-fifth birthday, and the household had arranged to celebrate it, but early on the summer morning his room was found empty. They searched for him. He was found lying dead at the bottom of a flight of stairs. He had been struck down by a stroke of epilepsy.

Raffles is dead. But the great city that he founded remains as his permanent monument.

REV. W. CROSS : Abridged and adapted from *One Hundred Years in Singapore.*

(*By permission of the Author and of Mr. John Murray, Publisher.*)

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Lesson 2

SAKAIS

The Sakais occupy the mountains of south-east Perak and north-west Pahang. There is said to be some dividing line between their hills and those of the Semang, but the truth is that the two have inter-bred to a considerable extent, while the introduction of Islam amongst the Malay has prevented any extensive mixing with Malays. In the south, Sakais have mixed with Jakuns in Negri Sembilan, Malacca, and Johore. Sakais, though recently influenced to some extent by civilization, are still largely nomadic, but though shy at first they are the most sociable of the three Wild Races.

In certain districts they tattoo the face, and sometimes wear a ring or a porcupine's quill through the nose. Being terribly afraid of ghosts, they often hang up dry honeycombs or

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perforated coconut shells outside their dwellings, so that spirits may be distracted by so many holes, and so fail to find a way into their abodes. Their distinctive weapon is the blow-pipe, with which they are extremely skilful. The bow is the weapon of the Negrito Semangs, the blow-pipe of the Sakais, and the spear of the Jakuns.

The use of the blow-pipe is more or less limited to the area in which Ipoh poison grows, though it is probable that occasionally darts are prepared with other poisons as well. In Borneo iron dart-points are used, but these are never used by the Sakais of the Peninsula.

The effective range of the dart is fifty to sixty yards, though it is seldom used at objects over thirty yards. Ipoh poison is a compound derived from the Ipoh tree and the Ipoh creeper. Small birds are killed by it almost instantaneously. Monkeys succumb in a few minutes, and soon fall from the trees. To human beings the poison is effective in proportion to its freshness, for after some time it loses its strength. When new, it is fatal.

The blow-pipe consists of an inner and an outer tube made of bamboo. The outer casing protects the tube, and prevents it from warping.

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The surface of the weapon is often decorated with geometrical designs, the whole being so light that it can be held to the lips by its extreme end. The darts are not bamboo, but are made from the ribs of a leaf, and are carried in a case.

The Sakais are true children of the jungle, who have adapted themselves to its conditions —a people keen of sight and scent. It is said that they can even detect the presence of a snake by smell.

They sometimes live in rock shelters, but, as a rule, they prefer huts, sometimes placing them up trees at a height of thirty feet from the ground. Their dress is a strip of Ipoh bark, beaten soft with a mallet and soaked, and in Perak they occasionally wear a fungus fringe.

Sakais met in the vicinity of Jor on the road to the ' Cameron Highlands ' are, despite dirt and shyness, rather pleasant. They have the attractive simplicity and good-heartedness of many primitive folk, and are certainly far more intelligent than the Semangs of Lenggong. In Ulu Kinta the Sakais are quite civilized, and dress almost like the Malays. They cut timber, even work a little tin, and are thus able to buy salt and improve their diet, so freeing their bodies from the prevailing skin disease. But

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even in this advanced state they still sometimes build their huts up trees.

In colour the Sakais vary from brown to yellow, and are lighter even than Malays. The hair is long and black, the nose finely cut and tilted, the eyes horizontal and half-closed, and the chin sharp and pointed.

The Sakais appear mainly to worship demons and spirits—that is, they are Animists. They so greatly fear the dead that they usually desert a site as soon as a death occurs there.

It is not known how the Sakais came here or whence, but it is certain that they have inhabited the Peninsula since very early times.

C. M. ENRIQUEZ: *Malaya.*
(By permission of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.)

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Lesson 3

ARRIVAL AT PENANG

What strikes the traveller, as his ship comes round the northern end of Penang, is the extraordinary beauty of the scene to which he is introduced with almost startling suddenness. On his right is the island, with steep hills rising from the water's edge up to the highest peak, 2,500 feet high. The sides of these hills are partly forest, partly cultivated, but everywhere green, with the freshness and colour of tropical vegetation washed by frequent rains.

About the hills, at varying heights, are picturesque buildings nestling among the trees. Down by the shore—a fascinating shore of little sandy bays and little rocky promontories—there is a deep belt of palms, shading, but not altogether concealing, quantities of brown cot-

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tages. Then a broad ribbon of sand, and after that the sea, a very wonderful summer sea, blue, or grey, or pale gold, under different conditions of sunlight, often with the shadows of clouds upon it.

Along the beach lie boats and nets set out to dry; black nets and brown nets, of immense length, stretched on a framework of poles; quaint objects and infinitely picturesque, but not more so than the fishing stakes, the upper half of which stand above the water, many fathoms from the shore, on the edge of every sandbank.

That is what you see as you come round the north foreland, by the loftily placed lighthouse; and then, in a moment, there is the town, and the ship seems to be running into its main street. The white buildings and red roofs, which house a hundred thousand people, are crammed closely together on the flat tongue of land that stretches, from the foot of Penang Hill, right out into the Strait which divides it from the mainland, just as though the island were ever trying to get its foot back on to the opposite shore.

Close inshore, beside the busy quays, are hundreds and hundreds of strange craft, a very

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forest of masts and rigging, of every form and every nationality the Farther East produces. There are Chinese junks, small and great, with painted eyes on their low, narrow bows ; there are Malay schooners, and fast boats, and fishing boats so small that only an amphibious creature, like the Malay, would trust himself in them. There are huge, unwieldy cargo boats, manned by natives of Southern India. There are Bugis, vessels from Celebes, low in the water, with black hulls, and brown canvas or yellow palm-leaf sails ; clumsy old craft from Sumatra and the Malay States ; Chinese junks, piled high with firewood or palm thatch ; long Chinese fishing boats, loaded with dark brown nets—scores and scores of every Eastern boat that swims, navigated by men of all races.

These form the inner line, five or six boats deep, stretching as far south as the eye can reach. Then there are steam launches, of every colour and size, rushing or crawling about the harbour, some full of passengers, some empty ; while a few ride silently at anchor here and there amongst the crowd of small coasting steamers which puff and squeal, arrive or depart, take or discharge cargo, or simply rest between two voyages. And last the outer

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line where, in mid-stream, a few large steamers and sailing vessels strain at cables. But

'There is another shore, upon the other side,—'

the shore of Province Wellesley, distant from the nearest point of Penang about two miles. Far to north and far to south an endless grove of palm trees fringes the strip of yellow sand. Behind the palms are acres of rice fields, villages, hamlets, and lonely huts; then low hills, forest, and higher hills—range upon range in ever rising steps, till one can see no farther. Nearly due north, a little inland, and distant about thirty-five miles, stands the sharp peak of Gunong Jĕrai, four thousand feet high. Almost in a line with this mountain, some islands swim on the surface of the sea. Looking south, the coast-line of Penang curves, crescent-wise, to its extreme point, and in the land-locked space of water are islands, large and small, clad like the rest in green.

What is called the South Channel is not often used now except by coasting steamers, but the approach to Penang is even more attractive by this route than by the North Channel. The beauty of the place comes more gradually, and is a picture which only the East can offer. The

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picture is most beautiful when it is seen on a moonlit night.

Yet the pride of Penang is the Hill, and those who reach the summit will not regret the effort. Looking westward, the eye travels over a wide expanse of jungle-covered slopes and foothills, pierced by narrow, cultivated valleys, till it rests on the 'measureless expanse of ocean.' Northward lie the islands, coast, and sharply outlined peak of Kedah; while to the south are lower ranges of the main hill, the rice fields, and the winding coast-line of Penang. Due west are the woods, with their half-hidden dwellings, leading up to a flat but ever-narrowing plain, completely covered by white, red-roofed buildings, broken here and there by groups of dark trees. Then there is the shining stretch of water, carrying its burden of ships and boats, the smaller craft looking like queer black insects; and last, the long coast-line of Province Wellesley, with its palms and rice fields and winding rivers, the whole bounded by successive ranges of blue hills, the most distant summits lost in clouds.

SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM: *British Malaya.*
(By permission of John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.)

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Lesson 4

A BULL FIGHT

We landed next morning at Tumpat, on the main channel of the delta of the Kelantan; and from Tumpat crossed the river to Kota Bharu, the capital of the state of Kelantan, where its Sultan resides. To have such a name, and a Sultan, and to be placed on the shore of the China Sea in such a light, should be enough for any town. From what I could see of it one might do well at Kota Bharu. It has a rest-house, a capacious building of timber, where I thought it would be easy to stay so long that one might forget to go.

Near my bedroom wild bees had a home behind a beam, and I could sit and watch them on the planks of the wall. Next door to the bees was a colony of wasps. No courtesies were exchanged. The bees never went to the

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wasps, though the wasps occasionally came to look at the bees, but never stayed long, for the disapproval of the bees was instant, though they did not appear to resent some little tricks I played on them.

While watching the bees one afternoon a chichak, a small gecko which lives on the walls and ceilings of every house and attends to the flies and moths, slid out of a crack about a yard from the bees. He seemed astonished by so great a number of flies, and lifted himself on his hands to get a better view of them. He was obviously puzzled, and instead of his usual lightning dash he made a slow and careful approach to within a few inches of a bunch of the bees. There he remained as still as the graining of the wood till a bee happened to walk towards him. He fled back to his crack like the flick of a whip.

My friend I had found in the ship, whose name may be Smith, told me, however, that this was no time to watch flies. I must go to a Chinese shop and buy frying-pans and provender, while he went to see the Sultan's prime minister.

That afternoon, by invitation, we saw a bull fight, at which the Sultan and his court were

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present. The Malays of Kelantan, their disposition being entirely happy, delight in the fighting of bulls, buffaloes, rams, cocks, and fish. It was a sparkling festival. But for those fighting bulls I should never have seen so many of the ladies of Kota Bharu, and the massed colours of their silk *sarongs* and head-scarves. Each bull seemed to be hidden, but sent out his distracting shrill challenges. They were humped cattle, small but athletic, with brass or silver guards to the points of their horns. Their hooves were polished. Their coats were like satin in the light. They were haughty. To the caresses which would have won the coldest raja they were indifferent. They appeared to know that their part in the show was not love, and to reject it sternly. The favourite was a little black animal. He was quiet, even sleepy. Children might play with him, and they did.

The two bulls for the first round were led by their men into a large enclosure. There for a space they were fondled in opposite corners, while, so far as I could see, good advice was whispered earnestly into their ears. The guards to their horns were removed, and a man from each went over to inspect the sharp

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horns of the other animal, probably for poison. Then a gong droned, and the gladiators were marched to face each other at a distance of about fifty yards. The gong crashed, and the crowd raised the shrill and fearful Malay war-cry. Each bull exploded in a cloud of dust.

I felt at that moment indignation at the cruelty of it; but the bulls understood each other. It was all right. Anyhow, one bull understood the other. The little champion appeared to be outmatched. He kept carefully his front on feet as nimble as a cat's, but was pushed about the field. I felt I could only wait for his end. There were sharp, convulsive onsets; or the fighters stood with horns interlocked, waiting for each other to move. But I noticed each time that it was the big, aggressive fellow who moved first. Once the two fighters separated—gazed round calmly at us, while their flanks heaved—ignored each other—showed clearly that this was fun, and that they had had enough of it.

But the war-cry roused them, and the cry rose higher when they met in another charge. The champion stumbled at the shock. His opponent instantly became distinctly savage and more active. The champion was bleeding

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at the shoulder. He was tired, and was in retreat. Once or twice now, when their horns were mingled, and they stood with their muzzles to the ground for a breathing-space, like statues, watching each other, I thought I observed that the little fellow experimented with his challenger. He appeared to test him with a modest feint or two. Yet this only inflamed to fury his enemy, who drove him backwards again over a dozen yards or so.

This happened once too often. At the end of one of these retreats the little champion did something. I do not know what. I could not see it. It was instantaneous. But there the big bull was, on his ribs, and his enemy's armed front was prodding his belly, daring him to move. The beaten bull, lately so aggressive, did not move. Once he raised his head, and if there was not in his eyes a pathetic appeal to let him off then I do not know that expression. The champion understood it, like the gentleman he was. He turned away his head as though he had forgotten something, and on the instant the defeated gladiator was on his feet and trotting away briskly to his corner.

H. M. Tomlinson: *Tidemarks.*

(By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

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Lesson 5

A NIGHT IN A HUT

I will confess that when near sunset, a few days later, we came out by the Golok, the sight of that river was beneficial. The day had been tiring. We were not far from Nipong, where we had stayed on our first night up-country. Yet I had often felt during the journey that we were getting on too fast, especially when we were in the neighbourhood of the *kampongs*, the little communities of Malays. Sometimes we saw a new homestead, and a patch where the jungle had been only recently cleared. The burnt stumps of the smaller trees studded the earth, and the greater beams were still as they fell, too big to be moved; and amid all that wreckage a Malay pioneer had planted his first crop of dry rice. There would be a heavy barricade round it to keep out the beasts, yet

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it was usual when walking through it to see the tracks of the smaller creatures of the forest— for they were noticeable in the new, soft earth, especially the lace-like design made by the tiny hooves of *pĕlandok*, the diminutive mouse-deer. And how friendly to us those husbandmen always were! They did what they could to make our pause longer, and to keep the gossip alive. They sent their monkeys up palms to fetch green coconuts for drink, and brought baskets of fruit. It was our folly to hurry away from such people, from such peace in life, from such good manners.

If the place which gave us shelter that night by the Golok had a real name I do not know it. Smith had cheered me with words of what he called a Forest Checking Station, an establishment of the Sultan's foresters. We found it in open ground above the Golok; and there the local headman visited us, and promised Smith a *pĕrahu* for the morning to take us downstream to Rantau Panjang, and boatmen, too, if they could be got. In the meantime, though its outward prospect was worth some days of heat and fatigue, yet the hut inside did not suggest that we should have new bodies by the morning.

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Bats had chosen one corner, and of course the best corner, for their droppings. The rest of the poles which made the floor were young and old, new and rotten, large and small, and some were raised and some depressed. Some were firm when they took our weight, and others groaned and sank. The earth was ten feet below, and there many frogs were honking with different tunes of varied pitch. That meant swamp, and, in fact, the place looked too much like mosquitoes. I thought we had better build a fire under it, and smoke it out, and was holding an awkward armful of coconut shards and sticks when the first buffalo bull appeared. My sticks suddenly lost their value. This buffalo was not the usual inert bulk of black rubber. He moved with celerity. His eyes had an alert and inquiring glance, and his horns looked dangerous. I thought I had better get up the ladder. When on the middle rung another buffalo bull appeared on the other side of the house, and as the two met rather instantly at the foot of the ladder I finished the rest of the rungs in a stride. It was easy at the time.

Then Smith and I had a good view of it, spoiled by an alarming doubt that if the two animals below us touched our props then our

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shelter was done for. It astonished me that buffaloes could show such passionate energy, and the shocks of the charges were terrific. Which would die first ? Then a child appeared. He approached the battle-ground and severely reprimanded the bulls. They stopped, and were obviously embarrassed. They could not deny they had been fighting. The child struck the first buffalo with a light wand, and told him what he was. The bull turned and shambled off meekly.

This episode took us well towards the dark. I got down to the floor, and on my back prepared to wait for morning. I began by counting the hours—there were exactly eleven hours to 6 a.m., or half a day less one hour. To make sure that this was so I counted again, but found, unluckily, the same number, less the seconds which the calculation required to work out. The chorus of frogs now was like an iron foundry ; then it fell to one blacksmith shaping one horseshoe. The shoe got finished, and then the shipwrights began to rivet another plate to a ship.

With the electric torch I found that twenty minutes had gone, and tried lying on the right side. This movement showed me that the door

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had swung open, and that my head would be the first thing a buffalo would tread upon when entering the hut after climbing our ladder. The darkness outside, somehow, seemed rather odd. That door was shut, so far as it could be lifted bodily to fit the opening. The wait for daylight was resumed. Smith, somewhere else on the floor, groaned unseen, and the boughs heaved as he changed his position. I wished I had made that fire underneath, because light wings were brushing my face, and mosquitoes were singing in my ears. There must have been clouds of them. I experimented with my head under the cover, yet that, after ten minutes —ten more minutes gone—nearly suffocated me. Besides, it left my feet exposed, and the light wings were brushing them.

A storm announced itself, though at a great distance, and something large began flying in the hut ; and therefore, when a plank became alarmingly alive under me as Smith turned over again, I sat up and struck at the creature, though I hit nothing.

It was time to try the other side. Midnight ! We were getting on. Six hours to go. Possibly I slept, though creatures kept touching my face or crawling over my feet ; but I was instantly

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awake when the hut filled with fire. The storm had come.

The next day did come. I was there when it came, and in its light that hut appeared to be simple and ordinary. It was not bewitched, or else its unclean spirits went at cock-crow. Our packs were where we had left them on the floor. Our tin mugs were standing yet on an old packing-case. The job of making a fire, and some coffee, was an easy matter. There was only coffee with hard biscuits, but I wish breakfast could be always like that. The Golok, however, had risen at least six feet in the night, and rafts of timber, overturned in the storm, were travelling fast on its yellow current. The sun was not yet high, and so the woods were miraculously bright and revealed.

The *pĕrahu* was a long and narrow dug-out canoe, with a Malay at each end handling dexterously a long bamboo. They poled us into the stream, and the flood caught us and added us to the wreckage of the storm. We fled towards the sea. At least we had the assurance that we should encounter no rapids on the Golok.

H. M. Tomlinson: *Tidemarks.*

(*By permission of the Author and of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

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Lesson 6

THE STORY OF RAM SINGH

The night was intensely still. The dawn-wind had not yet come to rustle and whisper in the trees; the crickets had not yet awakened to scream their greeting to the morning sun; the night-birds had gone to their rest, and no creatures of the day had yet begun to stir on branch or twig. The speakers were a band of some fifty or sixty ruffians—Malays from the Tĕmbĕling valley of Pahang, clothed in ragged, dirty garments; long-haired, rough-looking men from the wilder districts of Trengganu and Kelantan and Besut, across the mountain range; and a dozen Pahang chiefs, rebels against the Government, outlaws in their own land, beautifully and curiously armed, clothed in faded silks of many colours, whose splendour had long been dimmed and stained by the dirt and damp-

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ness of the dank jungles in which their owners had found a comfortless and insecure hiding-place.

A score of small dug-outs were moored to the bank at a spot where the coconut trees, fringing the water's edge, marked an inhabited village. The gang of rebels was broken up into little knots and groups, some in the boats, some on the shore, the men chewing betel-nut, smoking palm-leaf cigarettes, and talking in grumbling whispers. They had had a very long day of it. The mountain range which divides Kelantan from Pahang had been crossed on the afternoon of the preceding day; and with only a short night's rest, they had been travelling ever since. Ever since the dawn broke they had been making their way down the Tĕmbĕling River, forcing any whom they met to join their party; taking every precaution to prevent word of their coming from reaching in advance the lower country for which they were bound; and loudly preaching a Sabil Allah (Holy War) against the Infidel in the name of Ungku Saiyid. The latter was at that time the last of the Saints of the Peninsula, a man weak of body but powerful and great of reputation, who sent forth others to do deeds for the Faith, while he

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lived in the peace and seclusion of the little shady village of Paloh near Kuala Trengganu.

An hour or two before midnight the raiders reached a spot about three-quarters of a mile above the point where the Těmběling River falls into the Pahang, and here a halt was called. The big house, surrounded by groves of fruit and coconut trees, was the property of one Che' Bujang, and no other dwellings were near it. Che' Bujang was a weak man, who never had enough heart to be able to make up his mind whether he was himself a rebel or not; but he claimed kinship with half the chiefs of the raiding party, and he was filled with a shuddering fear of them all. The principal leaders among the rebels landed when Che' Bujang's *kampong* was reached, leaving the bulk of their followers squatting in the boats and on the water's brink, and made their way up to their relative's house. Che' Bujang received them with trembling words of welcome. The visitors paid little attention to him, pushing him and his people back into the interior of the house. Then they seated themselves round the big ill-lighted room, and began to discuss their plans.

They were a curious group of people, these

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raiders who, with their little knot of followers, had dared to cross the mountain range to start a rebellion. The oldest, the most infirm, the most wily, and the least courageous, was the ex-Imam Prang Indera Gajah Pahang, commonly called To' Gajah, a huge Malay of Sumatran extraction. Before the coming of the white men he had been a terror in the land of Pahang. The peasants had been his prey; the high-born chiefs had been forced to bow down before him; the Sultan had depended upon him; and he had done exactly what he pleased. The white men had robbed him of all the things which made life valuable to him, and though he had held up his hand to the last, doing all in his power to make others run the risks that in the end he might reap the benefit, his fears had proved too strong for him, and he had turned rebel eventually because he could not believe that Englishmen would be likely to act in good faith where he knew that he would, in similar circumstances, have shown treachery. He had suffered acutely in the jungles whither he had fled, for his body was swollen with dropsy and rotten with disease; and who shall say what floods of hatred and longings for revenge filled his heart

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as he sat there in the semi-darkness of Che' Bujang's house, and gloated over the prospects of coming slaughter ?

To' Gajah's three sons—the three who, out of his odd score of male children, had remained faithful to their father in his fallen fortunes—were also there. They were Mat Kilau, Awang Nong, and Teh Ibrahim. They had no very fine record to point to in the past, but what they lacked in bravery they made up for in lavish boasts of the great deeds which they were going to perform in the future.

The foremost fighting chief of the band was the Orang Kaya Pahlawan of Semantan, who was also present. A thick-set, round-faced, keen-eyed man of about fifty, he was known to all the people of Pahang as a great warrior, a scout without equal in the Peninsula, and a jungle-man with deep knowledge of forest-lore. His son Wan Lela, a chip of the old block, who had already given proofs of his courage, sat silently by his father's side.

The last of the Pahang chiefs to enter the house was Mamat Kelubi, a Semantan man who, from being a boatman employed by a European mining company, had risen during the disturbances to high rank among the rebels, and

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now bore the title of Pĕnglima Kiri, which has something of the same meaning as Brigadier-General. He was a clean-limbed, active fellow about thirty years old, and he stated that he had just returned from Kĕyangan (fairyland), where he had been spending three months in fasting and prayer, which had had the happy result of rendering him invulnerable to blade or bullet. Three weeks later he was shot and stabbed in many places by a band of loyal Malays, so that the fairy magic must have gone wrong in one way or another.

To' Gajah spoke when all were seated, and Che' Bujang then learned that an attack was to be made just before dawn upon the small detachment of Sikhs stationed in the big stockade at Kuala Tĕmbĕling. Che' Bujang had been in daily communication with these men, and something like friendship had sprung up between them, but no idea of setting them upon their guard occurred to him. To do so would involve some personal risk to himself, and rather than that he would have suffered the whole Sikh race to be exterminated.

At about three o'clock in the morning the chiefs joined their sleepy followers at the boats. The word was passed for absolute silence, and

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the dug-outs, with their loads of armed men, were then pushed out into mid-stream. The stockade, which was to be the object of the attack, was situated upon a piece of rising ground overlooking the junction of the Těmběling and Pahang Rivers, and at its feet was stretched the broad sandbank of Pasir Tambang, which has been the scene of so many thrilling events in the history of this Malayan State. The Těmběling runs almost at right angles to the Pahang, and the current of the former sets strongly towards the sandbank. The chiefs knew this well, and they therefore ordered their people to allow the boats to drift, feeling sure that without the stroke of a paddle the whole flotilla would run aground of its own accord at Pasir Tambang. The men in the boats, borne slowly down-stream by the current, were absolutely noiseless. All were exceedingly nervous. Horny hands clutched weapons in an iron grip ; ears were strained to catch the slightest sound from the stockade, which, as they drew nearer, was plainly visible on the prominent point against the dark sky.

At last, after a lapse of time that seemed an age to the raiders, the boats grounded one by one upon the sandbank of Pasir Tambang, so gently

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and so silently that they might have been ghostly crafts blown thither from the Land of Shadows.

The Orang Kaya Pahlawan landed with Wan Lela, Mat Kilau, Awang Nong, Teh Ibrahim, Pĕnglima Kiri, and a score of picked men at his heels, leaving old To' Gajah and the rest of the party in the boats. Very cautiously they made their way to the foot of the high ground upon which the stockade stood, flitting across the sand in single file as noiselessly as shadows. Then they crept cautiously up the steep bank till the summit was reached, when the Orang Kaya drew hastily back, and lay flat on his stomach under the cover of some bushes. He and his people had ascended at the extreme corner of the stockade, and he had caught sight of the glint of a rifle-barrel as the Sikh passed down his beat away from him. The raiders could hear the regular fall of the heavy ammunition boots as the sentry marched along. Then they heard him halt, pause for a moment, and presently the sound of his footfalls began to draw near to them once more. Each man held his breath, and listened in suspense. Would he see them and give the alarm before he could be killed ? Would he never reach the near end of his beat ? Ah, he was there, within

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a yard of the Orang Kaya ! Why was the blow not struck ? Hark, he halted, paused, and looked about him, and still the Orang Kaya held his hand ! Had his nerve failed him at this supreme moment ? Now the sentry had turned about and was beginning to pace away from them upon his beat. Would the Orang Kaya never strike ? Suddenly a figure started up behind the sentry's back, moving quickly, but with such complete absence of noise that it seemed more ghost-like than human. A long black arm, grasping a sword, leaped up sharply against the sky ; with a thick swish and a thud the weapon fell upon the head of the Sikh. His knees quivered for a moment ; his body shook ; and then he fell over in a limp heap against the wall of the stockade with a dull bump and a slight clash of jingling arms.

In a second all the raiders were upon their feet, and, led by the Orang Kaya, who waved his reeking blade above his head, they rushed into the now unguarded stockade. Their bare feet pattered across the little open space which served the constables for a parade-ground, and then, sounding their war-cry for the first time that night, they plunged into the hut in which the Sikhs were sleeping.

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There were nine men, out of the eleven survivors, inside the hut. The jangle caused by the fall of the sentry by the gate had awakened two of them, and these threw themselves upon the rebels and fought desperately with their clubbed rifles. They had no other weapons. Their companions came to their aid, and six of their number escaped into the jungle and so saved themselves. The remaining three were killed outside the hut, and Kuala Těmběling stockade had fallen into the hands of the raiders.

Their greatest enemy, the loyal Imam Prang Indera Stia Raja, had his village some thirty odd miles lower down the Pahang River, at Pulau Tawar, and if this place could also be surprised, the best part of Pahang would be in the hands of the rebels, and a general rising in their favour might be confidently expected. The Orang Kaya and his people knew this, and their hearts were uplifted with triumph, for they saw now that the Saint who had foretold victory to their arms had been no lying prophet.

Unfortunately for the rebels, however, all the Sikhs had not been within the walls of the stockade when the well-planned attack was delivered. Sikhs keep very curious hours, and one of their habits is to rise before the dawn

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breaks and to go shuddering down in the darkness of that chilly hour to the river's brink to bathe. On the morning of the attack two of the little garrison, Ram Singh and Kishen Singh, had risen before their fellows, and were already at the water's edge when the raiders arrived. It says a good deal for the admirable tactics of the Malays that it was not until the attack had been delivered that the two Sikhs realized that enemies were at hand.

Suddenly, as they stood naked save for their loin-cloths, the stillness of the night was broken by a tempest of shrill yells. Then came half a dozen shots, awakening a hundred clanging echoes in the forest on either bank of the river. An answering cheer was raised by the Malays in the boats, the tumult of angry sound seeming to spring from out of the darkness in front, behind, on every side of the bewildered Sikhs. The thick mist beginning to rise from the surface of the water served to plunge the sand-bank upon which they stood into gloom. The ears of the two men rang again with the clamour of the fight going on in the stockade, with the shouts and yells of those who shrieked encouragement to their friends from the moored boats, and with the clash of weapons. But they could

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see nothing but the great inky shadows all about them.

'Where art thou, Ram-siar, my brother?' cried Kishen Singh despairingly; and a heavy silence fell around them for a moment as his voice was heard by the Malays in the boats. Then the shouts of the enemies nearest to the two Sikhs broke out more loudly than before.

''Tis the voice of an infidel!' cried some. 'Stab! Stab!' 'Kill, and spare not, in the name of Allah!' 'Where, where?' And then came the crisp pattering of many bare feet over the dry, hard sand in the direction from which the Sikh had shouted to his fellow.

'Brother, I am here,' cried Ram Singh, more quietly, close to Kishen Singh's elbow. 'Alas, but we have no arms. We must tear the life from them with our hands.'

In the dead darkness both men could hear the swish of naked blades on all sides of them, for the Malays were as much baffled by the gloom as were their victims, and men struck right and left on the bare chance of smiting something. Presently the swish of a sword very near to Ram Singh ended suddenly in a sickening thud, and Kishen Singh gave a short,

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hard cough. The unseen owner of the weapon which had gone home raised a cry of 'Basah! Basah! I have drawn blood!' and a yell of exultation went up from a score of fierce voices. Guided by the noise, Ram Singh threw himself upon the struggling mass, which was Kishen Singh rolling over and over in his death agony, with the Malays tossing and tumbling, hacking and smiting above him. Ram Singh's left hand grasped a sword-blade, and though the fingers were nearly severed, he managed to wrench the weapon from the grip of a Malay. Then with a roar as of some angry forest monster, he charged the spot where the tumult was loudest.

Putting all his weight into each blow, and striking blindly and ceaselessly, he fought his way through the throng in the direction from which the sound of the river came to him. The Malays fell back before his desperate onslaught, but they closed round him, wounding him cruelly with their swords and daggers and wood-knives; while he, in his blindness, did them but little injury. Yet as the dawn began to break, Ram Singh, bleeding from more than a score of wounds, and with his left arm nearly severed, succeeded at last in leaping into one

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of the moored boats, and, cutting the rope, pushed out into mid-stream.

There were three Malays on board the little dug-out, but they quickly slipped over the side and swam for the shore, deeming this blood-stained, fighting, roaring Sikh no pleasant foe with whom to do battle; and as they went, Ram Singh, utterly worn out by his exertions and by loss of blood, slipped down into the bottom of the boat. To' Gajah was furious at the sight of an enemy's escape, and he cursed his followers. But this did not help him. The excitement of the assault and of the unequal fight in the darkness was over, and the raiders were worn out by the long journey of the preceding day and night. They were very sleepy, and their stomachs cried aloud for rice. They absolutely refused to chase Ram Singh until they had eaten and slept; and thus the dug-out, in which the wounded Sikh lay, was suffered to drift down the stream, until at last it disappeared round the bend a quarter of a mile below the rebel camp.

Ram Singh lay so very still that the raiders may perhaps have persuaded themselves that he was dead; but they should have made sure, for their next move must be down-stream, and

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the success or failure of their enterprise depended almost entirely upon the village of Pulau Tawar, in which the loyal Imam Prang Stia Raja lived, being surprised as Kuala Těmběling had been. The rebel chiefs knew this, but they did not trouble to stop him. Ram Singh was also aware of the enormous importance of warning being carried to Imam Prang, and compared with this, the mere question of saving or losing his own life seemed to him to be unimportant.

Although he was too weak to stand or to manage the boat, he determined to remain where he was until the current carried him to Pulau Tawar, and then, and not till then, to spread the news of the fall of Kuala Těmběling. He knew enough of Malay peasants to feel sure that no man among them would dare to help him if they learned that the rebels were near, and that they had wounded him. Therefore he decided to go to the Imam Prang. He knew that he could not rely upon any one to pass the word of warning which alone could save Imam Prang from death, and the whole of Pahang from war. Therefore he determined that, dying though he believed himself to be, he must take that warning word himself. He

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swore to himself that he would not even halt to bind his wounds, nor to seek food or drink. Nothing must delay him.

It was a typical Malayan morning. A cool fresh breeze was blowing gently and stirring the branches of the trees. The sunlight was intense. The chirp of many birds came from out of the heavy foliage of the banks to the ears of the wounded man. Presently his boat came near to a village, and the people there asked him what was the matter.

'Tis naught, O my brothers,' Ram Singh returned, in a voice as firm and cheerful as he could manage.

But a woman, pointing with a trembling finger, screamed, 'See, there is blood—much blood!' And a child, catching her alarm, began to weep.

'Let him alone,' whispered an old man cautiously to the others. 'In truth there is much blood, even as Minah yonder hath said; but let us be wise and have nothing to do with such things. Let him drift; and for us, let us live in peace.'

So Ram Singh continued his journey down the stream, undisturbed by any one. The sun rose higher and higher, each moment adding

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to the heat. By nine o'clock the waters of the river shone pitilessly. All things seemed an aching, dazzling glare, blinding the eye and scorching the skin. In the Malay Peninsula men have often died in a few hours from exposure to the sun. Ram Singh bore all this, and in comparison the pain of his seven-and-twenty wounds seemed to be nothing. The blood with which he was covered caked in hard black clots ; his stiffening wounds ached and ached ; clouds of flies swarmed about him, adding yet one more horror to all that he had to endure : but never for a moment did this brave man give way, and though he was in great pain he kept to the plan which he had formed.

Shortly after noon a sudden collision with some unseen object jarred the Sikh cruelly and made him moan. A brown hand seized the dug-out, and a moment later a beardless, brown face, with many wrinkles, looked down into the boat.

'What is the matter, brother?' asked the man, still without any signs of curiosity.

'I have been attacked by Chinese gang robbers,' whispered Ram Singh, lying bravely. 'Help me to reach the Imam Prang at Pulau Tawar that I may tell him.'

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The man did not even think of disobeying the Sikh's order, and in a little while the dug-out was racing down-stream. An hour or two later Pulau Tawar was reached, and Imam Prang, hearing that a Sikh in trouble wished to speak to him, came down to the water's edge, and squatted by the side of the dug-out.

'What has happened to you, brother?' he asked, as he looked at the dreadful sight before him. The dug-out was a pool of blood, and the great fevered eyes of the man stared out at him from a white face. The pale lips opened and shut, but no sound came from them; the great weary eyes seemed to be speaking, but alas! it was in a language the Chief and no one else could understand. Was the supreme effort of the Sikh to be wasted? For a moment it seemed as though it would be so; and Ram Singh, deep down in his heart, prayed for strength that he might be able to speak. He fought for speech. He gasped and struggled in a manner fearful to see, till at last the words came, and who shall say what pain they cost him?

'Dato—the—rebels,' came the faltering whisper. 'The rebels—Kuala—Tĕmbĕling—fallen—taken—many—killed—make ready—and be-

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hold—I have brought the word—and I die—I die——'

His utterance was choked by a great flow of blood from his mouth, and without a struggle Ram Singh fainted and lay as one dead.

Imam Prang was a man of action, and he soon had his people collected and his stockades ready for defence. While Imam Prang was busy preparing the defence, Ram Singh was nursed with gentle hands and soothed with kind words of pity by the women-folk of the Chief's household. He was an infidel, it was true, but he had saved them, and all that they held dear, from death or from the capture which is worse than death.

So the rebels were repulsed, and were chased back to the land from whence they had come, and up and down that land, and across and across it, till many had been slain and the rest made prisoners, and at last Pahang could sleep again in peace. And Ram Singh was sent to hospital in Singapore, where he was visited by the Governor of the colony, who went there in his great carriage to do honour to the simple Sikh private; and when at last he was discharged healed of his wounds, a light post in the Pahang Police Office was found for him,

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where he will serve until he dies. If you meet him, he will be much flattered should you allow him to take off his tunic; and you will then see a network of scars on his brown skin. He is proud of them, and rightly so, say I, for which man among us can show such undoubted proofs of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice as this obscure hero?

SIR HUGH CLIFFORD: *In a Corner of Asia.*
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Lesson 7

NO CHAINS

It was a time when I was in charge of the district in the interior of the State of Pahang. It was a big tract of country, over three thousand square miles in extent, and in those days was reckoned the wildest part of the protected Malayan States. There was not a mile of made road or bridle path in all its vast expanse; it was all deep, damp forest, with a network of streams and rivers, and a few Malay villages—a dozen or two thatched roofs in shady palm and fruit groves adjoining wide, flat stretches of rice-field and grazing grounds. Besides the Malay population, there were a few camps filled with Chinese miners looking for gold; a band or two of Australian prospectors, and an odd thousand or so of aborigines up in the mountains. For the rest, the inhabitants of

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my district were Malay chiefs and Malay villagers.

I had a hut on the banks of the Lipis River, a single room staggering upon six crazy piles about fifteen feet in height, which was at once my dwelling, my office, my treasury, and my courthouse. When I looked out of my window, sawn unevenly out of the ragged bamboo wattle, I saw the olive-green waters of the Lipis.

It was not much of a hut, it must be confessed, but in those days I stood in no great need of a dwelling-place of my own. The district under my charge was extensive, and it seemed to be quite cut off from the rest of the world. I rarely slept more than a single night in the same resting-place. I had to live on what I could get, which often enough did not amount to much. I hoped by constant visits to all parts of my district to become well known, and to be regarded as a friend.

I had had plenty of experience as a jungle dweller long before I took charge of the interior district of Pahang; and so I knew how to travel and how to live in a Malayan forest land. I escaped, for the most part, the heavy troubles of which so many new-comers are able to tell such moving tales. Yet I had troubles in the

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jungle, and the first trip which I took after my return to duty was full of adventures.

I left my hut early one morning with half a dozen of my Malay followers trailing behind me in single file. A bag, a dispatch box, and a large basket filled to the brim with cooking-pots, plates, dishes, and miscellaneous kitchen utensils were the three principal loads. A fourth man carried my bed. My ' bed ' consisted of a native mat of plaited *měngkuang* palm leaves, a narrow flock mattress half an inch in thickness, and a couple of pillows. The whole thing did not weigh more than twenty pounds, unless it was saturated with rain water, when it was twice as heavy.

It was a bright, cool morning when we started, with mist showing above the tree-tops as one looked up the valley of the Lipis, marking the winding of the river. The birds were noisy, and a few gaily-feathered parroquets fluttered from bush to bush as we made our way through the low jungle near the bank of the stream. The spiders had been busy all night, and their slimy webs, stretched across the footpath we were following, glued themselves so unpleasantly to my face that, contrary to my custom, I asked Akob, one of my men,

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to walk in front of me to keep the way clear of these frail barriers. In this manner we had trudged along steadily for a couple of hours, and the heat of the tropical day was already beginning to make itself felt, stilling the noisy life of the jungle and drying up the dewdrops, when suddenly Akob halted abruptly and pointed, in evident excitement, at something ahead of him. We were standing on the brink of a narrow creek, on either side of which a steep bank rose at a sharp angle from the water's edge. Leaning forward to look over Akob's shoulder, I saw, half a dozen yards away, upon the surface of the opposite bank, a curious patch, irregular in shape, and a strange black-and-yellow colour. All this I noted in an instant, not realizing in the least the nature of the object at which I was gazing ; and then, without any warning, the patch rose at us. A humming, purring sound accompanied its flight, and a second later it was upon us—a swarm of bees, mad with rage, and thirsting for blood and vengeance.

Akob, hiding his head in his arms, turned sharply and ran off, nearly knocking me off my legs. I followed him, broke through my bewildered followers, tore out of the little belt of

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jungle which we had just entered, and sprinted for my life across a patch of short grass beyond. For a moment I thought that I had escaped, and I turned to watch my people throwing everything down, yelling like madmen, and beating the air with their wildly whirling arms. Another instant and I was again put to flight. I pulled my huge felt hat from my head and flogged my foes with it. All the while I ran as fast as my legs would carry me, but the bees were not to be outpaced. They plunged their stings deep into my flannel shirt, and into the tough cloth of my rough jungle trousers; they stung my bare arms and hands and neck mercilessly, and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping them off my face and eyes. I was panting for breath, sweating at every pore, and was beginning to feel tired out, when suddenly I caught sight of the waters of the Rengai, a little river which flows through these forests to the Lipis.

'Take to the water! Take to the water!' I shouted to my howling men, and only waiting to slip my pistol belt with its pouches for watch, compass, money, tobacco, etc.—a delay for which I had to pay a heavy price in stings—I plunged into the shallow water. My Malays came after me helter-skelter, but with us all

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came the army of bees, stinging all they could. I had no breath left when I reached the water, and it was impossible to keep under for more than a few seconds; yet when I rose to the surface the bees were still there, more angry than ever, and I was driven under again. Again I rose, again was set upon, again was driven under water. I was so breathless that I was rapidly becoming desperate. It flashed across my mind that to be drowned or stung to death in a puddle by a swarm of insignificant insects was a most ridiculous way of dying; yet, at the moment, it seemed almost certain that this was what would happen to me.

As I came sobbing to the surface to meet yet another furious assault, I heard Saleh, my head boatman, cry aloud—

'Throw a bough for them to alight upon!'

The words were in my ears as I dived again, and in a flash their meaning was made clear to me. I struggled toward the bank, tugged off a branch from an overhanging tree, threw it on the surface of the stream, and dived once more. One or two of my men did the same, and when, having remained under water as long as I could, I rose once more, completely worn-out, I saw half a dozen branches floating gaily down-

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stream covered with struggling and stinging bees.

I rose to my feet, waded to the bank, and for a good quarter of an hour sat there panting and fighting to regain my breath. Then we counted our losses and estimated the damage done. One of my men, a Sumatran Malay, was in a fainting condition. He had been stung in nearly two hundred places; his face was reduced to a shapeless mass in which no feature could any longer be distinguished; and he was so ill that I feared for his life. We put him into a boat, and the neighbouring villagers of Dolut undertook to send him back to my hut at Penjum. Then the rest of us limped across grazing grounds to the village, and lay down upon the clean mats spread for us on the veranda of the headman's house. Our hands were like great boxing-gloves, our heads and faces were swollen and puffy, and we had to abandon all idea of proceeding farther upon our journey that day.

We were feeling very unhappy, and we were less relieved than disgusted when one of our number, who had been missing and whom we had reckoned as dead, came in half an hour later perfectly unharmed. He had seen the

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bees coming, he told us, and had squatted down and remained quite still to await their assault. They had covered him from head to foot ; but as a bee is aware that using his sting usually results in his own death, he never strikes unless he has persuaded himself that the last sacrifice is demanded of him on behalf of the hive. Accordingly the clouds of insects had settled all over him, had examined him closely, and then had passed on, leaving him unhurt. It was exasperating to realize that we had made our frantic rush, our fight, our suffocation under water, and the pain we were then enduring for nothing, and that all might have been avoided with presence of mind. At the same time I wondered whether I should have had enough courage to sit calmly under a load of bees, knowing that a single movement would cause my death. Therefore I sat in silence, listening to my follower's account of his proceedings, while he picked six-and-thirty stings out of my felt hat, and more than a hundred out of my flannel shirt.

The bees, he said, were angry and unreasonable creatures. Their nest had, on this occasion, been swooped down upon by a kite. As we chanced to be the next living thing to come

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their way, they had mistaken us for the thieves, and had promptly declared war upon us. Therefore we had been made to bear the punishment due for the sins of a kite.

Next day we continued our interrupted march, and nothing worth record happened for a week or so. At one village a stealthy visit was paid to me by three young nobles, whose father had recently had a quarrel with the rulers of the land, which had resulted for him in a violent death. His sons, who had had no share in their father's misdeeds, had promptly fled to the jungle, and as they were well-known fighting men there were many wild rumours about them. I had known them intimately before I left Pahang on leave, and as soon as they learned that I was once again in their neighbourhood, they sought me out to talk matters over, and, if possible, to make peace with the Government. They crept into my camp in the dead of night, armed to the teeth, very much afraid, and ready for anything. At first they were like hunted jungle creatures that feared a trap, but they ended by spreading their sleeping mats alongside mine and snoring contentedly until the daybreak woke us.

Another night I passed in a mining camp,

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where a crowd of depressed Australians were squatting in a couple of huts beside a pool filled to the brim with dirty water. This was all the Raub Gold Mine was at that time.

From Raub I tramped to the foot of the main range, where people of many nationalities were looking for tin ; and I decided to cut across the forest so as to strike the head waters of a river called the Sempam, which at that time was very little known.

Not without difficulty I succeeded in finding a Sakai who undertook to guide me to the banks of the Sempam, but refused to have anything to do with my proposed attempt to descend the river. He moved along in front of my party with the noiseless, catlike gait which distinguishes the jungle-folk.

At the point where we struck the Sempam River, its banks were covered by dense clumps of bamboos. The river at this point was about a dozen yards in width. The forest around us was intensely still, for the hot hours of the day were upon us, and the wildness and loneliness of the place filled me with awe.

As soon as they had stacked their loads my men drew their wood-knives and set to work felling bamboos from which to make our rafts.

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The ringing notes of their blades smiting the hollow stems carried far and wide, and the bamboos creaked and groaned as, one by one, they slowly collapsed, toppling into the river. Then they were trimmed of their branches and cut to the length desired. After a couple of hours' hard work four stout rafts floated high out of the water. Small raised platforms were erected in the centre of each raft, and on three of these we stowed our baggage. The fourth raft was reserved for me; and when I had rewarded the Sakai for his pains with a wedge of coarse tobacco and a palm-leaf bag filled with black rock-salt, I took my seat upon the platform prepared for me, and told my men to push out into the stream.

'In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!' they cried; and my raft moved off, the three others following us in single file.

For nearly an hour we glided down-stream between banks thickly set by bamboo thickets, with impenetrable forest behind them, and each bend in the winding river revealed yet another perfect picture of the beauty and the splendour of this jungle paradise. We were heading for the unknown, passing through un-

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trodden ways, and at every turn we looked for some surprise, some difficulty to be encountered and overcome.

It was a fairyland of forest through which the river was bearing us, and I lay back upon my raft enjoying the view.

The stream ran rapidly, and the rafts, with polers at bow and stern, slid forward at an even pace. Suddenly we turned round a sharp bend, and before we knew what awaited us we were caught in a rapid. I was aware of angry water, white with foam, stretching away in front of us ; of many granite blocks, black with spray, poking their sharp noses out of the river, which boiled and leaped around them ; and then I found myself standing in the bows of the raft, punting-pole in hand, helping my boatman. We were travelling at a swift pace now, and the raft reeled with such violence that, even bareshod as we were, it was no easy matter to keep our footing on the slippery, rounded surfaces of the bamboos. Of the length, extent, and difficulties of the rapid into which we had been so suddenly tossed we, of course, knew nothing. Of our danger, however, we had no time to think, for we had more than enough to do. At the end of a hundred yards

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of hard fighting we reached a point where the stream was split in two by great granite rocks, and in a flash we had to make our selection between the two routes. We chose the left-hand channel, which looked the less dangerous, and on we whirled. The uproar of the stream deafened me ; the furious pace set every nerve in my body tingling ; the excitement of each new danger averted or overcome filled me and my Malays with unspeakable delight. On we whirled, yelling and shouting like maniacs, plying our clashing poles, leaping down fall after fall, our raft submerged, and we ourselves overcome with excitement. It lasted for only a few moments, and then the end came. We ran with a crash on to a rock which we could not avoid. Presently I and my two Malays found ourselves clinging to a part of the rock which had wrecked us, though none of us clearly knew how we had got there ; and to our surprise, except for a few cuts and bruises, we were entirely unhurt. The raft, bent double like a piece of folded paper, lay near another rock. As for my baggage, it had been carried away by the water.

Looking up the river we saw the second of our rafts plunging down toward us, the two Malays

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at its bow and stern trying vainly to stop it; and even as we watched, they were overturned, and they too were left clinging to a rock. Their raft, breaking away, darted down towards us, passed us, and followed my lost baggage. My men on the two remaining rafts had become aware of the danger in time, and we could see them tying their rafts to the bank a couple of hundred yards up-stream.

Sitting stranded upon a rock in the middle of the river, with the boiling waters of the rapid leaping up, we shrieked suggestions to one another as to what we should do next. The only thing was to swim for it, and cautiously I let my body down into the torrent and pushed out vigorously for the shore. I had to fight against the current, but the river was narrow, and after a rather desperate struggle I drew myself out of the water on the left bank and sat there panting and gasping. I had come into violent collision with more than one rock during my short swim, and I was bruised and cut in many places, but it seemed to me then that I had escaped, and we screamed congratulations to one another at the top of our voices above the roar of the rapids. Then we rose to our feet and picked our way along the bank through

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the thick jungle, to rejoin our companions farther up-stream.

Here a blow awaited us. The raft which had been following mine proved to have contained, among other things, our cooking utensils and our store of rice, and its loss meant that we were unlikely to get anything to eat that night. We knew that there existed a few Malay villages on the banks of the lower reaches of the Sempam, but what might be the distance that separated us from them we could not tell.

The first thing to be done was to find out the nature of the river below the rapid which had overturned us, as we still hoped that it might be possible to lower our two uninjured rafts down the falls. I climbed back with Saleh, my head boatman, along the bank to the foot of the rapid we had left, and from there scrambled through the dense forest and underwood to a point where I could get a view of the lower part of the river. It took us about half an hour to do this, but at last I reached a place where I could see.

Then my heart stood still, for there was suddenly revealed to me the danger which we had escaped by being overturned. Certain destruction had awaited us only some thirty yards lower down-stream.

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From the place I had reached this is what I saw. The Sempam ran through a narrow gorge, enclosed by steep hills covered with jungle ; but then the river fell down a precipice, with a huge granite wall on each side.

I could see for nearly a quarter of a mile along the river's length—a most unusually extended view in the heart of a Malayan jungle. Had we taken the channel on the right, instead of that which we had chanced to select, nothing could have saved us ; had our raft not been wrecked exactly where it was, a moment later we should have lost our lives, for once caught in the upper fall, nothing could have saved us from a dreadful death.

I sent Saleh back for the others, and sat down to await their coming.

When my men had rejoined me, we pushed on through the thick jungle, and by dark we had succeeded in passing out of hearing of the thunder of the falls. But there were other rapids all along the river. We camped on a sandbank by the river's side, and we went to bed supperless.

We made an early start the next morning, and scrambled along, getting more hungry and more tired every moment. It was not until the after-

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noon that we at length reached a place where it seemed possible again to make use of rafts. We set to work, and an hour later we were on our way, looking eagerly for a village as we went along.

We were already so tired that we dared not rest lest we should lack the force and courage to renew our efforts, and the pangs of hunger we were suffering—for none of us had now tasted food for five-and-thirty hours—urged us onward. Therefore we groped our way down the Sempam feeling desperate. To add to our troubles we were attacked by jungle ticks, crab-like monsters that fix their claws into one.

At about half-past eight we saw light ahead of us, and a few minutes later we were eagerly devouring all the available cooked rice in the little village of Chĕrok.

'The falls of this river are very difficult, Tuan,' said a village elder to me, as I sat smoking and talking to the people of the place, after I had crammed myself with rice. 'They are very difficult, and no man may pass up or down those which are of the largest size. Moreover, even we, who are children of the river, may not approach the lesser rapids until fitting offerings have been made by us to the river spirits.

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'The great fall, which is quite twelve fathoms in height, is named the Fall of the Kine-cleft Bank, for it is a narrow pass such as giant kine might make at the spot where they go down to water. The next fall is named the Fall of Dew, for by reason of its spray the rocks and trees around it are perpetually drenched as it were by dew; and the last of all is the Fish Trap, for from out of its grip not even a fish can escape.

'Ah, Tuan, it is not well thus to tempt the Spirits of the Sempam. Our Spirits are *orang mĕrdĕheka*—"free folk"—who care not at all for raja or overlord, and have no respect for any man. The Sempam has taught you that it will bear no chains.'

And the old fellow chuckled, well pleased by his jest, and proud of his native stream. Fresh from my view of the falls, and still aching from the rough handling which I had received at the hands of the river, I agreed with the old man. The wild freedom of the Sempam was what impressed me—the freedom of some savage creature that could bear no chains.

SIR HUGH CLIFFORD: *The Further Side of Silence.*
(*By permission of the Author.*)

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Lesson 8

MALACCA AND MOUNT OPHIR

(*July to September* 1854)

Birds and most other kinds of animals being scarce in Singapore, I left it in July for Malacca, where I spent more than two months in the interior, and made an excursion to Mount Ophir. The old and picturesque town of Malacca is crowded along the banks of the small river, and consists of narrow streets of shops and dwelling-houses, occupied by the descendants of the Portuguese, and by Chinese. In the suburbs are the houses of the English officials and of a few Portuguese merchants, in groves of palms and fruit trees, whose varied and beautiful foliage furnishes a pleasing relief to the eye, as well as most grateful shade.

The old fort, the large Government House,

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and the ruins of a cathedral indicate the former wealth and importance of this place, which was once as much the centre of Eastern trade as Singapore is now. The following description of it by Linschott, who wrote two hundred and seventy years ago, strikingly shows the change that has taken place :

' Malacca is inhabited by the Portuguese and by natives of the country, called Malays. The Portuguese have here a fortress, as at Mozambique, and there is no fortress in all the Indies, after those of Mozambique and Ormuz, where the captains perform their duty better than in this one. This place is the market of all India, of China, of the Moluccas, and of other islands round about, from all of which places, as well as from Banda, Java, Sumatra, Siam, Pegu, Bengal, Coromandel, and India, arrive ships, which constantly come and go loaded with much merchandise. There would be in this place a much greater number of Portuguese if it were not for the inconvenience and unhealthiness of the air, which is harmful not only to strangers, but also to natives of the country. All who live in the country suffer from a certain disease, which makes them lose either their skin or their hair. Those who escape consider it a miracle.

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Because of this, many leave the country, while the ardent desire for gain induces others to risk their health.

'The origin of this town was very small, only having at the beginning, by reason of the unhealthiness of the air, six or seven fishermen who inhabited it. But the number was increased by fishermen from Siam, Pegu, and Bengal, who came and built a city, and established a language, drawn from the best speech of other nations, so that in fact the language of the Malays is at present the most refined, exact, and celebrated of all the East. The name of Malacca was given to this town, and on account of its situation in a short time it grew to great wealth. The people, both men and women, are very courteous, and are reckoned the most skilful in the world in compliments, and study much to compose and repeat verses and love-songs. Their language is in use through the Indies, as French is here.'

At present a vessel over a hundred tons hardly ever enters its port, and the trade is entirely confined to a few small forest products and to fruit, which is exported to Singapore. Although fever is fairly common there, it is not at present considered very unhealthy.

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The population of Malacca consists of several races. The Chinese are perhaps the most numerous, keeping up their manners, customs, and language ; the Malays are next in point of numbers, and their language is the *lingua franca* of the place. Next come the descendants of the Portuguese ; and then there are the English, and the descendants of the Dutch, who all speak English.

In costume these peoples are as varied as in their speech. The English preserve the tight-fitting coat, waistcoat, and trousers, and the abominable hat and cravat ; the Portuguese wear a light jacket, or, more frequently, shirt and trousers only ; the Malays wear their national jacket and sarong (a kind of kilt), with loose drawers ; while the Chinese never depart in the least from their national dress, which indeed it is impossible to improve, for a tropical climate, either for comfort or for appearance. The loosely hanging trousers, and neat white half-shirt half-jacket, are exactly what a dress should be in this hot country.

I engaged two Portuguese to accompany me into the interior, one as a cook, the other to shoot and skin birds, which is quite a trade in Malacca. I first stayed a fortnight at a village

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called Gading, where I was accommodated in the house of some Chinese converts, to whom I was recommended by the Jesuit missionaries. The house was a mere shed, but it was kept clean, and I made myself sufficiently comfortable. My hosts were forming a pepper and gambier plantation, and in the immediate neighbourhood were extensive tin-washings, employing over a thousand Chinese. The tin is obtained in the form of black grains from beds of sand, and is melted into ingots in rude clay furnaces. The soil seemed poor, and the forest was very dense with undergrowth, and not at all productive of insects; but, on the other hand, birds were abundant.

The very first time I fired my gun I brought down one of the most curious and beautiful of the Malacca birds, the blue-billed bird called by the Malays the 'Rain-bird.' Handsome woodpeckers and gay kingfishers, green and brown cuckoos with velvety red faces and green beaks, red-breasted doves and many other birds, were brought in day after day, and kept me in a continual state of excitement. After a fortnight one of my servants was seized with fever, and on returning to Malacca the same disease attacked the other as well as

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myself. By use of quinine, I soon recovered, and obtaining other men, went to stay at the Government bungalow of Ayer Panas, accompanied by a young gentleman, a native of the place, who had a taste for natural history.

At Ayer Panas we had a comfortable house to stay in, and plenty of room to dry and preserve our specimens; but, owing to there being no industrious Chinese to cut down timber, insects were comparatively scarce, with the exception of butterflies, of which I formed a very fine collection. The manner in which I obtained one fine insect was curious. I was one afternoon walking along a favourite road through the forest, with my gun, when I saw a butterfly on the ground. It was large, handsome, and quite new to me, and I got close to it before it flew away. I then observed that it had been settling on some dung. Thinking it might return to the same spot, I next day, after breakfast, took my net, and as I approached the place was delighted to see the same butterfly sitting on the same piece of dung, and succeeded in capturing it. It was an entirely new species, of great beauty. I never saw another specimen of it.

Having determined to visit Mount Ophir,

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which is situated in the middle of the Peninsula, about fifty miles east of Malacca, we engaged six Malays to accompany us and carry our baggage. As we meant to stay at least a week at the mountain, we took with us a good supply of rice, a little biscuit, butter, and coffee, some dried fish, and a little brandy, with blankets, a change of clothes, insect and bird boxes, nets, guns, and ammunition. The distance from Ayer Panas was supposed to be about thirty miles. Our first day's march lay through patches of forest clearings and Malay villages, and was pleasant enough. At night we slept at the house of a Malay chief, who lent us a veranda, and gave us a fowl and some eggs. The next day the country got wilder and more hilly. We passed through extensive forests, along paths often up to our knees in mud, and were much annoyed by the leeches, for which this district is famous.

These little creatures infest the leaves by the side of the paths, and when a passenger comes along they stretch themselves out at full length, and if they touch any part of his dress or body, quit their leaf and adhere to it. They then creep on to his feet, legs, or other part of his body, and suck their fill, the first

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puncture being rarely felt during the excitement of walking. On bathing in the evening we generally found half a dozen or a dozen on each of us, most frequently on our legs, but sometimes on our bodies, and I had one who sucked his fill from the side of my neck, but who luckily missed the jugular vein. There are many species of these forest leeches. All are small, but some are beautifully marked with stripes of bright yellow. They probably attach themselves to deer or other animals which frequent the forest paths, and have thus acquired the habit of stretching themselves out at the sound of a footstep or of rustling foliage.

Early in the afternoon we reached the foot of the mountain, and encamped by the side of a fine stream, whose rocky banks were overgrown with ferns. Our oldest Malay had been accustomed to shoot birds in this neighbourhood for the Malacca dealers, and had been to the top of the mountain, and while we amused ourselves shooting and insect hunting, he went with two others to clear the path for our ascent the next day.

Early next morning we started after breakfast, carrying blankets and provisions, as we intended to sleep upon the mountain. After

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passing a little tangled jungle and swampy thickets, through which our men had cleared a path, we emerged into a fine lofty forest fairly clear of undergrowth, where we could walk freely. We ascended steadily up a moderate slope for several miles, with a deep ravine on our left. We then had a level plateau or shoulder to cross, after which the ascent was steeper and the forest denser, till we came out upon the ' Padang Batu,' or stone field, a place of which we had heard much, but could never get any one to describe intelligibly. We found it to be a steep slope of even rock, extending along the mountain side farther than we could see. Parts of it were quite bare, but where it was cracked there grew a most luxuriant vegetation, among which the pitcher plants were the most remarkable. They grew up into half-climbing shrubs, their curious pitchers of various sizes and forms hanging abundantly from their leaves, and continually exciting our admiration by their size and beauty.

It was very striking to come out from the dark, cool, and shady forest in which we had been ascending since we started, on to this hot, open, rocky slope, where we seemed to have entered at one step from a lowland to an alpine

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vegetation. The height was about 2,800 feet. We had been told we should find water at Padang Batu, but we looked about for it in vain, as we were exceedingly thirsty. At last we turned to the pitcher plants, but the water contained in the pitchers (about half a pint in each) was full of insects and was uninviting. On tasting it, however, we found it very palatable, though rather warm, and we all quenched our thirst from these natural jugs. Farther on we came to forest again, but of a more dwarfed and stunted character than below; and alternately passing along ridges and descending into valleys, we reached a peak separated from the true summit of the mountain by a considerable chasm. Here our porters gave in, and declared they could carry their loads no farther; and certainly the ascent to the highest peak was very steep. But on the spot where we were there was no water, whereas it was well known that there was a spring close to the summit, so we determined to go on without them, and carry with us only what was absolutely necessary. We accordingly took a blanket each, and divided our food and other articles among us, and went on with only the old Malay and his son.

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After descending into the saddle between the two peaks we found the ascent very laborious, the slope being so steep as often to compel hand-climbing. Besides a bushy vegetation, the ground was covered knee-deep with mosses on a foundation of decaying leaves and rugged rock, and it was a hard hour's climb to the small ledge just below the summit, where an overhanging rock forms a convenient shelter, and a little basin collects the trickling water. Here we put down our loads, and in a few minutes more stood on the summit of Mount Ophir, 4,000 feet above the sea.

We then enjoyed our evening meal and the fine view before us. The night was calm and very mild, and having made a bed of twigs and branches, over which we laid our blankets, we passed a very comfortable night. Our porters had followed us after a rest, bringing only their rice to cook, and luckily we did not require the baggage they left behind them. In the morning I caught a few butterflies and beetles, and my friend got a few land-shells ; and we then descended, bringing with us some specimens of the ferns and pitcher plants of Padang Batu.

The place where we had first encamped at the foot of the mountain being very gloomy,

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we chose another in a kind of swamp, in which a clearing was easily made. Here our men built two little huts without sides, that would just shelter us from the rain ; and we lived in them for a week, shooting and insect-hunting, and roaming about the forests at the foot of the mountain.

This was the country of the great Argus pheasant, and we continually heard its cry. On asking the old Malay to try and shoot one for me, he told me that although he had been for twenty years shooting birds in these forests he had never yet shot one, and had never even seen one except after it had been caught. The bird is so exceedingly shy and wary, and runs along the ground in the densest parts of the forest so quickly, that it is impossible to get near it ; and its sober colours and rich spots, which are so ornamental when seen in a museum, harmonize well with the dead leaves among which it dwells, and make it very inconspicuous. All the specimens sold in Malacca are caught in snares, and my informant, though he had shot none, had snared plenty.

The tiger and rhinoceros are still found here, and a few years ago elephants abounded, but they have lately all disappeared. We found

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some heaps of dung, which seemed to be that of elephants, and some tracks of the rhinoceros, but saw none of the animals. We, however, kept a fire up all night in case any of these creatures should visit us, and two of our men declared that they did one day see a rhinoceros. When our rice was finished, and our boxes full of specimens, we returned to Ayer Panas, and a few days afterwards went on to Malacca, and from there to Singapore. Mount Ophir has quite a reputation for fever, and all our friends were astonished at our recklessness in staying so long at its foot ; but we none of us suffered in the least, and I shall ever look back with pleasure to my trip, as being my first introduction to mountain scenery in the Eastern tropics.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE : *The Malay Archipelago.*
(*By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.*)

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Lesson 9

GULA: A PORTRAIT

Among the Malays, whose men are made of manners, I had a friend, the Pĕnglima Raja, so remarkable for his good breeding that he was often called *Gula*, 'Sugar.' Even in extreme old age his face, aided by the glint of gold spectacles, had a most kindly look; in old age, as in youth, he behaved with deference and dignity. Sick or well, sorry or gay, he was always polite, and of all descriptive words 'sweet' was his favourite.

One day I was talking to him in a little out-station club. Suddenly he collapsed like a Jack-in-the-box under the pocket of a billiard table. The Sultan had just entered the room. In Malay surroundings it would have seemed natural enough, but in that English club, under a Burrough's billiard table! However, it was

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bended knees and hands to forehead for him in the presence of his Sultan, wherever he might be.

'Well, Dato,' I remarked a little later, 'I see you still observe old habits of ceremony.'

'Tuan,' he replied, 'it is sweeter so. Every race has its own customs. I keep cap on head as a token of respect; it is rude for white men to keep covered. I point with my chin; you with your hands. I sneeze and ejaculate, "Praise be to Allah;" you sneeze and say "Hang." The white man's customs are very sweet, Tuan. But it is hard to discard old habits, and harder to acquire new; so I follow the ways of my fathers before me.'

'Yes, Dato,' I laughed, 'but the old order has changed a lot—hasn't it? The Raja came here to-day in a motor-car; you came by train. Your grandson talks to me in English. Is the change for the worse?'

'The peaceful life brought by the white man is very sweet to a tired old fellow, Tuan; and the young men like the novelties of the day. As you say, my grandsons are clever. They talk English, and earn good wages, and make more money out of a deal in rubber than my father ever possessed. But I wonder at times

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if they are worth as much as their fathers, who fought with daggers in their teens. I am old, and babble of the dead. Pardon me, Tuan. In old simple days seedtime and harvest, birth and love, and war and death—those were the great events of life.

'Yes! I came here to-day in the fire-carriage. It is a wonderful invention. A year or so ago the Sultans wanted to present a ship of war to your King. I am a rustic from the uplands, where there is but a quart of water in the pools; and it is long since I have seen the sea. But surely a ship cannot be as fine a gift as a fire-carriage. I advised that we should present a fire-carriage instead. My words found little favour. So I ventured to suggest a gift of two fire-carriages. Thanks to British rule, Malaya is very rich, and the gifts of princes should be princely.

'As I came down by train to-day I saw the tiger on the carriage door. Allah alone knows why the white man loves the pictures of tigers so much. Tigers are not a fitting symbol of his kind rule. But the mind of the cleverest white man is as the mind of a boy. A Malay goes down to the fields to cut rice-grain that he will eat. The white man goes on to a green

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and cuts with a stick at a little white ball, and sometimes he laughs gaily and sometimes he slices the air and curses fate. No, I am too old to hoe the air at—golf, do you call it, Tuan? I was good at fencing in my youth, and I could play Malay basket-ball and kick the ball into the air fifty times without letting it fall to the ground.

'To return to our topic. Can the Tuan explain to me the inner meaning of the changes in the picture of the tiger on our stamps and on the panes of the fire-carriage? When I was young only the face of the animal was depicted; after that appeared the head and shoulders; but now the tiger leaps at the beholder full length and without disguise. It is strange that the picture of the tiger has got larger as the land has become more peaceful. It makes me think of the days when there was plenty of fighting. I do not complain that we can no longer fight. Have I not drawn a pension for years? Yet I cannot help thinking —and longing. But I am not the man to break my own rice-pot. Perhaps my reflections are the idle fancies of a foolish old man. I think they must be.

'Talking of rice-pots, does the Tuan think

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that the strategy is good in this Great War? * Cannot the British outflank the enemy on a dark night, and, creeping behind his line, break all his rice-pots and destroy his food, so that he shall starve and surrender? I am very old, or I would offer myself and a hundred spearmen for the task. It was a ruse that served me well in border warfare half a century ago. With luck I might capture the Kaiser and his wife and children, and give them as slaves to His Majesty the King, earning perhaps a Star of Merit. That would be very sweet, Tuan.

'I am old, and the Tuan will pardon me. Lately my Raja received a Star from His Majesty the King. Young courtiers made much of it, as indeed it is a high honour and gracious, and a very sweet thought of a great monarch to a prince who lives under the shadow of his protecting flag. And I—always I have praised British rule, the kindness and the cleverness of its officers. But at times I remember that British rule is very terrible because of its strength and its justice. We Malays talk of the ship of the state, where the Raja is captain, the Vizier steersman, one Pĕnglima chief of the larboard and one of the starboard deck. But

* Written during the Great War.

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British officers are like parts of the engine of the fire-carriage, that revolve smoothly, never ceasing, without haste, without rest, following always a path laid down. The British Government has brought ease and prosperity to my children, to me many friends, and to my Raja a Star of Merit. What did I say just now? Young courtiers made much of the honour, and so do I, but I am an old, old man, and I remember the years gone by when we were able to fight as we pleased.

'Shall I sit down, Tuan? I am old, and John Little's boots, grand though they are, hurt my corns sorely. Ah! the Raja is going, and I must follow. Well! as for that young relative of mine, who made a mistake over the sale of his land, getting a Chinese to pay the price of ten acres when he had only six to sell—you say that he may suffer gaol, or he may have only to pay a fine? That would be sweet, Tuan, but he would expect me to find the money. However, Allah is very merciful, and the British Resident is my friend. I have no doubt I could get a loan from the Government.'

R. O. WINSTEDT, C.M.G.: *What Thing.*
(*By permission of the Author.*)

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Lesson 10

AMONG THE FISHER FOLK

This is a land of a thousand beauties. Nature, as we see her unmarred by man, is a marvellous creation of green growths and brilliant shades of colour, fresh, sweet, pure, and wonderfully beautiful.

But the sea is the best point from which to watch the glories of which I tell. If you would see them for yourself, and enjoy their beauty, go dwell among the fisher folk of the east coast.

They are rough, ignorant, and superstitious beyond belief, tanned by exposure to the sun, with faces scarred and lined by rough weather and hard winds. They are plucky and reckless, as befits men who go down to the sea in ships ; they are full of resource, the results of long experience of danger, and constant practice in sudden emergencies, where life depends upon

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presence of mind. Their ways and all their dealings are decided by a hundred customs, handed down through countless ages, which no man among them dreams of disobeying.

From the beginning of November to the end of February the north-east monsoon breaks in all its force and fury on the east coast of the Peninsula. It raises breakers mountain high upon the bars at the river mouths, it dashes huge waves against the shore. During this season the people of the coast are mostly idle, though they risk their lives and their boats upon the fishing banks on days when a treacherous calm tempts them seaward, and they rarely own that the monsoon has in truth broken, until the beaches have been strewn with driftwood from a dozen wrecks.

When they have at last been fairly beaten by the monsoon, the fisher folk make their way to the scattered coast villages, which serve to break the monotonous line of jungle and shivering *casuarina* trees that fringe the sandy beach and the rocky headlands of the shore. Here under the coconut palms, surrounded by nets, and sails, and masts, and empty craft lying high and dry upon the beach out of reach of the tide, the fishermen spend the months of their cap-

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tivity. Their women live here all the year round, drying and salting the fish which have been taken by the men, or pounding prawns into *bĕlachan*, the evil-smelling condiment which has been misnamed the Malayan caviare. It needs all the violence of the fresh, strong monsoon winds to clear these villages even partially of the rank odours which cling to them at the end of the fishing season ; and when all has been done, the saltness of the sea air, the brackish waters of the wells, and the faint stale smells of the nets and fishing tackle, are reminders of the one trade in which every member of these communities is more or less engaged.

The winds blow strong, and the rain falls heavily. The frogs in the marshes behind the village fill the night air with the croakings of a thousand mouths, and the little bull-frogs sound their deep see-saw note during all the hours of darkness. The sun is often hidden by the heavy cloud-banks, and a subdued melancholy falls upon the moist and steaming land. The people, whom the monsoon has robbed of their occupation, lounge away the hours, building boats and mending nets, without haste or effort. Four months must elapse before they can again

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put to sea, so there is no cause for hurry. They are frankly bored by the life they have to lead between fishing season and fishing season, but they are a healthy-minded and a law-abiding people, who do little evil even when their hands are idle.

Then the monsoon breaks, and they put out to sea once more, stretching to their paddles, and shouting in chorus as they dance across the waves to the fishing grounds. During this season numerous ugly and uncleanly steamboats tramp up the coast, calling at all the principal ports for the cargoes of dried fish that find a ready market in Singapore, and so the fisher folk have no difficulty in disposing of their catches. Prices are not high, but the profits of a season are more than enough to keep a fisherman and his family during the months of his inactivity. The shares which are given to the men in each crew, and to the owners of the crafts and nets, are all fixed by ancient custom. The unwritten law is clearly recognized and understood by all concerned, and thus the constant disputes which would otherwise inevitably arise are avoided. Custom—*adat*—the Malay worships. 'Let our children die rather than our customs,' says the Malay proverb.

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The average monthly earnings of a fisherman are about sixteen shillings ($7), and to a simple people this is sufficient. A fisherman can live in comfort on about three shillings a month, and wife and little ones can, therefore, be supported, and he can also save money for the season when no fish can be caught. The owners of boats and nets receive far larger sums, but still they generally take an active part in the fishing operations. From one end of the coast to the other the capitalist who owns many boats, and lives upon the income from their hire, is almost unknown.

The fish crowd the shallow shoal-waters, and move up and down the coast, during the whole of the open season, in great schools, acres in extent. Occasionally their passage may be marked from afar by the flight of hungry sea-fowl hovering and fluttering above them ; the white plumage of the restless birds glints and flashes in the sunlight as they wheel and dip and plunge downwards, or soar upwards again with their prey. I have seen a school of fish beating the surface of the quiet sea into a thousand glistening splashes as, in vain, they attempted to escape their restless pursuers, who, floating through the air above them, or plunging

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madly down, beat the water with their wings, and kept up a deafening chorus of gleeful screamings.

These seas carry almost everything that the salt ocean waters can produce. The waters of the China Sea, like the forests of the Peninsula, teem with life. The shores are strewn with shells of all shapes, sizes, and colours. The hard sand which the tide has left is full of tiny holes, the lairs of a million crabs and sea insects. Strange varieties of seaweed lie about in confusion on the sandy shores of the east coast.

In the sea itself all kinds of fish are found: the great sharks, with their fine, keen teeth; the sword-fishes, with their barred weapons seven and eight feet long; the stinging ray, the handsome *tĕnggiri*; the little smelts and red-fish; the thousand varieties that live among the sunken rocks, and are brought to the surface by lines six fathoms long; the crayfish, prawns, and shrimps—all these, and many more for which we have no name, live and die and prey upon each other along the eastern shores of the Peninsula.

Here may be seen the schools of porpoises—which the Malays name 'the racers'—plunging through the waves, or leaping over one another

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with ease of motion and absence of visible effort which give so faint an idea of the pace at which they travel. Yet when a ship is rushing through the waters at the rate of four hundred miles a day, the porpoises play backwards and forwards across the bow, and find no difficulty in keeping up with it. Here, too, is that monster fish which so nearly resembles the shark that the Malays call it by that name, with the added title of 'the fool.' It lies almost motionless about two fathoms below the surface, and when the fisher folk spy it one of their number drops noiselessly over the side and swims down to it. Before this is done the man has to look carefully, and to assure himself that it is indeed the fool, and not his brother of the cruel teeth. A mistake means sudden death. But if it is indeed the fool that floats so idly below them, the boatmen know that much meat will presently be theirs. The swimmer cautiously approaches the great lazy fish, which makes no effort to avoid him. Then the gently moving fingers of a human hand are pressed against the monster's side just below the fins, and fish and man rise to the surface, the latter tickling gently, the former placid and delighted. The swimmer then holds on to the boat with one

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hand in order to support himself, and continues to rub gently with his other hand, which still rests under the fin of his prey. The great fish seems too delighted to move. It presses softly against the swimmer, and the men in the boat head slowly for the shore. When the shallow water is reached every weapon on board is plunged into the body of the fool, and he is cut up at leisure.

Crayfish are also caught by tickling all along the coast. The instrument used is not the human hand but a small rod, called a *jai*, to the end of which a rattan noose is fixed. The work is chiefly done by little children, who paddle into the shallow water at points where the crayfish are feeding, and gently tickle the itching prominent eyeballs of their victims. The eyeballs must itch a great deal, for the crayfish rub them gently against any object that presents itself, and when they feel the rattan noose rubbing against them they lie motionless, too delighted to move. The noose is gradually slipped over the protruding eyes, when it is drawn taut, and thus the great prawns are landed.

Jelly-fish, too, abound on the east coast. They come aboard in the nets, casting their arms wildly around. The water which has

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passed over their slimy bodies makes the skin itch, and drives a man to tear the very flesh from his bones. When the water dries, the irritation ceases, but at sea, and at night, when the dew falls like rain, and one is drenched to the skin by water from the nets, it is not easy for anything to become dry. Therefore one must suffer patiently till the boat puts back again at dawn.

These are some of the creatures which share with the fisher folk the seas of the east coast, and hundreds of devices are used to capture them. Nets of all shapes and sizes—seine nets with their bobbing floats, bag nets of a hundred kinds, drop nets, and casting nets. Some are set all night, and are liberally sprinkled with bait. Some are worked round schools of fish by a single boat, which moves in a giant circle, propelled by a score of paddles dripping flame from the phosphorescence of the Eastern sea. Some are cautiously spread by the men in one boat, according to directions signalled to them by a second, from the side of which a diver hangs by the arms, listening intently to the motion of the fish, and judging with marvellous accuracy the direction which they are taking. Lines of all sorts, hooks of every shape, all the tricks and

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devices which have been learned by hundreds of years of experience, are employed by the people of the east coast to swell their daily and nightly catches.

In the sheltered water of the Straits of Malacca huge traps are constructed of stakes driven into the sea-bottom, and in these the vast majority of the fish are caught. But on the east coast such a means of taking fish is forbidden by nature. A single day of monsoon wind would be sufficient to destroy and scatter far and wide the work of months, and so the fisher folk who live by the waters of the China Sea display more skill in their nets and lines than any other Peninsula Malays, for on these alone can they depend for the fish by which they live.

Their boats are of every size, but the shape is nearly the same in each case, from the tiny *kolek* which can only hold three men, to the great *pukat dalam*, or seine-boat, which requires more than a score of paddlers to work her. They are all made of *chĕngal*, one of the hardest and toughest woods that is yielded by the jungles of the Peninsula. They all rise slightly at the stern and at the bows ; they all carry a mast (for the yellow palm-mat sails), which may be lowered or raised, and which seems to

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be altogether too tall and heavy for safety. But the fisher folk know the signs of the heavens as no others know them, and when there is danger the mast is lowered, the sail furled, and the boat headed for shore.

The real danger is when men are too eagerly engaged in fishing to note the signs in the skies. A party of Kelantan fisher folk nearly lost their lives a year or two ago by reason of such carelessness. One of them is a friend of mine, and he told me the tale. Eight of them put to sea in a *jalak* to fish, and ran before a light breeze, with two score of lines behind them. The fish were extraordinarily active, itself a sign that a storm was not far off, but the men were too busy to spare a glance at the sky or the horizon. Suddenly came the squall. A cry from the crew, a loud shriek from the owner, a splashing of released fish, a flood of water, and the eight fishermen found themselves struggling in the arms of an angry sea.

The boat, keel uppermost, rocked uneasily on the waves, and the men, casting off their scanty garments, swam to her, and climbed up her slippery, dripping side. The storm passed over them, first the usual rain, then a blinding downpour stinging the bare brown backs of

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the shivering fishermen, and lastly the wind, driving them quickly shorewards. Then came the sun, anxious to show its power after its temporary defeat. It beat pitilessly on the bare bodies of the men huddled together on the rocking keel of the boat. First it warmed them pleasantly, and then it scorched them, aided by the fierce reflection thrown back from the salt waters. For a day and a night they suffered all the agonies of exposure in the tropics. Burning heat by day, chill airs at night beat upon the fishermen, who were now half-mad with hunger, thirst, and exhaustion, and watched with great fear the huge fins which every now and then showed above the surface of the waters, and told them only too plainly that the sharks expected soon to get a meal.

On the second day Che' Leh, the owner of the boat, urged them to attempt to turn her over into her right position by a plan which he explained to them, but at first they would do nothing for fear of the sharks. At length hunger and thirst aiding Che' Leh's persuasions, they dropped off the boat, making a great splashing to scare the sharks, and after hours of toil they succeeded in loosening the mast and releasing the palm-leaf sail. Long pauses were

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necessary at frequent intervals, for the men were very weak. At last the sail floated upwards under the boat, and by a great effort the castaways succeeded in spreading it taut, so that the boat was half supported by it. Then, all pushing from one side, they succeeded in getting the boat upright. Slowly and painfully they baled her out, and then lay for many hours too exhausted to move.

Late on the third day they reached the shore, but they had been carried many miles down the coast to a part where they were unknown. The eight naked men presented themselves at a village and asked for food and shelter, but the people feared that they were wrong-doers fleeing from punishment, and many hours elapsed before they received the aid they so much needed.

The beliefs and superstitions of the fisher folk would fill many volumes. They believe in all manner of devils and local sprites. They will not willingly mention the names of birds or beasts while at sea. Instead, they call them all *chewch*—which, to them, signifies an animal, though to others it is meaningless. Each boat that puts to sea has been properly safeguarded with many incantations and other magic ob-

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servances, in obedience to the rules which the superstitious people have followed for ages. After each catch the boat is 'swept' by the medicine man, with a tuft of leaves prepared with mystic ceremonies, which is carried at the bow for the purpose. The omens are watched with care, and if adverse no fishing boat puts to sea that day. Every act in their lives is arranged so as not to displease the demons of the sea and air.

All up and down the coast, from Sĕdili in Johore to the islands near Singgora, the fisher folk are found during the open season. Fleets of smacks leave the villages for the spots along the shore where fish are most plentiful, and for eight months in the year these men live and sleep in their boats. The town of Kuala Trengganu, however, is the headquarters of the fishing trade. At the point where the Trengganu River falls into the sea, a sandy headland juts out, forming a little bay. In this bay the thatched houses of the capital and the cool green fruit-groves cluster closely. Innumerable fishing craft lie at anchor or on the shore; gaily dressed Malays pass hither and thither, at work or play.

But at dawn it is different. Borne upon the

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wind come stealing out a hundred graceful, noiseless fishing smacks. The men aboard them are cold and sleepy. They sit huddled up in the stern, with their *sarongs* drawn high about their shoulders, under the shadow of the palm-leaf sail, which shows dark above them in the faint light of early morning. The only sound is the whisper of the wind in the rigging, and the song of the boat as it drives the water before it in little curving ripples. And so the fleet floats out and out, and presently is lost to sight. At sundown the boats come racing back, heading for the sinking sun, borne on the evening wind, which sets steadily shorewards, and at about the same hour the great seine-boats, with their crews of labouring paddlers, set out to sea.

So live they, so die they, year in and year out. They toil and endure, with no hope or wish for change of scene. They delight in the simple pleasures of their poor homes, experiencing the keen enjoyment which comes from dancing waves, from action, and from danger.

It was not always so with them, for within the memory of old men upon the coast the fisher folk were once pirates. The last survivor of those who formed the old lawless bands was

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an intimate friend of my own. When I last saw him, a day or two before his death in 1891, he begged that I would do him one last act of friendship by supplying him with a winding sheet that he might go decently to his grave with a token of my love for him. It was a good shroud of fine white calico, bought in the bazaar, and it cost more than a dollar. But I found it very willingly, for I remembered that I was aiding to lay in his quiet resting-place the last pirate on the east coast.

SIR HUGH CLIFFORD : *In Court and Kampong.*
(*By permission of the Author.*)

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Lesson 11

RICE PLANTING

In Malay communities, as they formerly existed in the Peninsula, there was, outside the Settlements, little or no trade in agricultural products. In those days the only use of agriculture was to supply the actual necessities of life for the agriculturist.

Rice being the first of these necessities, it is natural to find that there are various ceremonies and rules for the guidance of the padi planter. Even if it is difficult to understand the reason for some of them, they are all interesting, for it is impossible to stimulate enterprise in the industry without some knowledge of the customs and superstitions connected with it.

If his harvest is bad, the Malay explains its failure as due to one of two main causes. He blames the weather and the consequent delay

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in planting, or he blames the holders of adjacent lands for not clearing and planting simultaneously. It was probably to meet the second difficulty that the office of *pawang padi* came to be recognized : padi planters found it necessary to have some authority whose directions in all matters about cultivation would be followed.

This office is generally hereditary. The *pawang* is guided in his calculations by various rules. These vary in different districts. The reasons for some of them are easily seen ; but the reasons for others are not so clear. The rule, for example, which forbids a man, when working with the *tajak*, to cut his own shadow, may be in order to prevent the ill effects of the sun's rays on the spine ; but there are other rules for which there are no obvious explanations.

In former days the most important duty of the *pawang padi* was to fix the correct time for beginning padi planting operations. It is, of course, impossible for Malay agriculturists to make use of their calendar of twelve lunar months for rice planting, which depends upon the changes of the seasons.

Yet the ordinary Malay cultivator, if asked

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when rice is sown, will invariably reply that it must be done in some particular lunar month. Dr. Snouck Hurgronje, in his work on the Acheenese, mentions this. It is specially surprising with the Acheenese, as, in addition to their lunar calendar, they have a very elaborate method of fixing the solar year. 'It is customary in Malacca,' says one writer, 'to plant padi once a year, the time usually falling between the months of Dzu'l-kaidah and Dzu'l-hijjah.' These lunar months now roughly correspond with the months of December and January, when, of course, no Malacca Malay would ever think of planting padi. The fact is that Malays, though they have not a very full knowledge of their reasons for doing so, have various ways of finding out the seasons of the solar year: they refer to the months of the lunar year merely because it is more convenient for them to do so.

In Perak and Kedah it appears to be customary in most of the rice-growing districts to fix the correct time for beginning agricultural operations by observation of the Pleiades. There are various methods of fixing the time to put down the padi nursery; as, for instance, when the outstretched arm is pointed at the

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Pleiades and the bracelet slips down the wrist. If, when the Pleiades are in the favourable position, one of the stars appears to be particularly bright, this is supposed to indicate early or late rains. To the ordinary observer it would not appear difficult to imagine the existence of a bright star anywhere in the Pleiades, and there is no doubt that the Malay really just follows his own convenience. When he forecasts early or late rains he usually has in view the quality of seed-grain which is in his store, and he 'prophesies' accordingly. By this custom the later half of July is the correct time for planting the padi nursery of heavy grain.

In some districts it seems usual to be guided largely by the sun. Dr. Charles Hose has pointed out that some of the padi planters in Borneo find the correct season for rice planting in this way. They set up a pole, which is carefully guarded, and make their reckonings by the shadows cast. Possibly settlers from Borneo brought the custom of sun-observation to the Peninsula.

A different method of reckoning is commonly observed in Perak. Here the seed-grain is kept in the store for a certain period, which may be from four to seven months. The lighter

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the grain is the longer is it thought necessary to keep it. In explanation of the custom, Malay padi planters say that a period of rest is necessary to ensure a good yield. A fixed period is kept in this way between harvest and seed-time in each year, and the misleading lunar calendar is ignored. But the result of this is that one late season makes the season late in years following. To put this right, some *pawangs*, when the seasons are late, order the planting to be done earlier than custom permits. But whenever this is done the seed-grain is first sun-dried, the *pawang* declaring that one day's sun-drying has the same effect on the seed as one month in the store.

In northern Perak and Kedah the old Siamese calendar is still used to fix the planting season. According to this system December is, roughly speaking, the first month of the year. Custom makes it necessary that padi should be planted at the beginning of July.

In addition to these more widely known customs, each district usually has its own rough method of reminding itself of the approach of the padi season. When certain streams are in flood, when certain trees are bearing fruit—these, and similar occurrences, are enough to

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bring the elders together to discuss the season's prospects and to consult the *pawang*.

As soon as the time for setting the nurseries has been definitely fixed, there is usually a ceremony. This depends very much on the wealth of the community and on the number of padi planters in the district. Every three or four years in most rice-growing districts, the ceremony is on an unusually large scale. A padi-planting *Pĕnghulu* usually celebrates the beginning of each rice year by killing a kid and giving a feast to his neighbours. On special occasions a buffalo is bought out of the common fund and is ceremonially slaughtered. There is general feasting, and a ceremony in which all the padi planters join under the presidency of the *pawang*.

As soon as the ceremonies are over, the real work of the cultivator begins. His first concern is his seed-grain. A careful planter has selected this at the last year's harvest. The method of selecting the seed varies. In some districts the finest padi is allowed to stand until the rest of the grain has been harvested. When there is no doubt that it is ripe, it is gathered, trodden out, and stored by itself. If the store of seed runs short, the planter buys seedlings

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from a neighbour. As a general rule, the Malay is extremely particular about his seed-grain, and is careful to use the best obtainable.

The ordinary allowance of seed is four gantangs for every orlong (1⅓ acres) which is to be planted. This is carefully measured out, the 'mother seed' being mixed with it, and soaked in water for two days and two nights. The water is then run off, and the seed is spread on mats, where it is kept for about three days. At the end of this time it is ready for the nursery.

As soon as the nurseries have been sown everything is done to prepare the fields for the seedlings, and to repair the fences and watercourses. Owing to differences in the quality and condition of the soil, the methods of preparing the fields for planting vary. For instance, the buffalo cannot be used everywhere: in some districts these animals are completely useless owing to the softness of the soil.

When the fields have been prepared, and the watercourses and fencing attended to, the women begin to plant out the seedlings. This is regarded by all Malays as work for women, and it is astonishing how well they do it. The young plants are pulled up by the roots, which

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are rapidly cleaned and the tops cut off. The usual ceremony follows. This is generally conducted by the *pawang* on behalf of a number of padi planters, who gather together for a feast or *kĕnduri*.

After the rice field has been planted, the owner walks round it scattering incense and repeating invocations. When all the rice fields in his district are ready, the *pawang* does the same. Three days later the padi planters assemble, and there is a *kĕnduri* and a *bĕrhantu* ceremony. This ceremony is an appeal to the gods of the jungle to deal gently with the rice crop, and to avert pests and disease. It is the last ceremony before harvest, and when it is over the padi planters are free to look for other work.

For months beforehand the Malay looks forward eagerly to the harvest. He is determined to enjoy himself, and he does. Each planter entertains in turn, when all his friends come to help him to tread out his grain.

The harvest begins with the most interesting of the padi ceremonies, that of taking the *sĕmangat padi*. The *sĕmangat padî* is the spirit of life which is believed to exist in the padi, and offerings are made to persuade it to remain in

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the seed so that next year's crop may also be good.

The Malay believes that there are grades of rice as there are grades of men. In the *sĕmangat padi* ceremony only the higher grades are recognized. Seven heads of padi are reaped as representing the *sĕmangat padi*, and another handful is reaped to be used as the mother seed for the next year. The *sĕmangat padi* is wrapped in a white cloth, and is placed in a small basket ; the mother seed is put in another basket ; both baskets are placed in the rice store, one on the top of the other.

As soon as the ceremony of taking the *sĕmangat padi* is over, and the procession has returned to the house, the Malay padi planter is forbidden to work for the remainder of the day and for the next two days. During this period he and his family must behave as they do where there is a birth in the house. Nothing may be brought out of the rice field or *kampong*, lights may not be put out, and no loud noise is permitted.

For reaping the crop, Malays generally use the *rĕnggam* or *tuai* to cut the heads of padi. This is a very primitive tool. The sickle, which saves both time and expense, and which is used commonly in Krian, Province Wellesley,

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and in the coast district of Malacca, was first introduced by Chinese.

According to the method of threshing which is borrowed from the Chinese, a tub without top or bottom is set on a mat in the middle of the padi field ; against the edge of this the padi-heads are beaten until all the grain has fallen in. The Malay custom is to tread out the padi until grain and straw are separated.

Except for Upper Perak and the States to the north, where padi is sun-dried and stored with the stalk attached, it is the custom throughout the Peninsula to store padi in the grain after it has been threshed. Padi stores vary considerably in design, and, of course, in size. Before the grain is stored the floor of the granary is covered with straw.

Many different kinds of rice are planted, and the yield per acre varies considerably. The Krian Malay plants two or three varieties of grain for the market, but when he grows rice for himself he is more particular. To show how many different kinds of rice there are, it is enough to state that Krian alone produces a hundred and thirty varieties.

G. E. SHAW, C.M.G. : *Papers on Malay Subjects.*
(*By permission of the Federated Malay States Government.*)

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Lesson 12

KARAIN AND HIS KINGDOM

We knew him in the days when we were content to hold in our hands our lives and our property. None of us, I believe, has any property now, and I hear that many have lost their lives ; but I am sure that the few who survive do not miss in their newspapers any news of risings in the Eastern Archipelago. Sunshine gleams between the lines of those short paragraphs—sunshine and the glitter of the sea. A strange name wakes up memories : a signal fire gleams like a jewel on the high brow of a cliff ; great trees, the advanced sentries of immense forests, stand watchful and still over the water ; a line of white surf thunders on an empty beach, the shallow water foams on the reefs ; and green islets lie upon the level of a polished sea.

There are faces too—faces dark, truculent,

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and smiling ; the frank, audacious faces of men barefooted, well-armed, and noiseless. They thronged the narrow length of our schooner's decks with the many-coloured checkered sarongs, red turbans, white jackets, embroideries ; with the gleam of scabbards, gold rings, charms, armlets, lance blades, and jewelled handles of their weapons. They had an independent bearing, resolute eyes, a restrained manner ; and we seem yet to hear their soft voices speaking of battles, travels, and escapes ; boasting with composure, joking quietly ; sometimes praising their own valour, our generosity ; or celebrating with loyal enthusiasm the virtues of their ruler. We remember the faces, the eyes, the voices, we see again the gleam of silk and metal ; the murmuring stir of that crowd, brilliant, festive, and martial ; and we seem to feel the touch of friendly brown hands that, after one short grasp, return to rest on a chased hilt. They were Karain's people—a devoted following. They were all free men, yet when speaking to him said, ' Your slave.' On his passage voices died out as though he had walked guarded by silence ; awed whispers followed him. They called him their war-chief. He was the ruler of three villages on a narrow

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plain; the master of an insignificant foothold on the earth—of a conquered foothold that, shaped like a young moon, lay ignored between the hills and the sea.

From the deck of our schooner, anchored in the middle of the bay, he indicated by a sweep of his arm the whole of his kingdom; it suddenly seemed so immense and vague that for a moment it appeared to be bounded only by the sky. And really, looking at that place, shut off from the sea and from the land by the mountains, it was difficult to believe in the existence of any neighbourhood.

Karain swept his hand over it. 'All mine!' He struck the deck with his long staff; the gold head flashed like a falling star; very close behind him a silent old fellow in a richly embroidered black jacket, alone of all the Malays around, did not follow the masterful gesture with a look. He did not even lift his eyelids. He bowed his head behind his master, and, without stirring, held high up over his right shoulder a long blade in a silver scabbard. He was there on duty. It was our first visit, and we looked about curiously.

The bay looked beautiful. The hills stood out heavily on the sky, and at their foot lay

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rice fields, plantain patches, yellow sands. Clumps of fruit trees marked the villages; slim palms put their nodding heads together above the low houses; dried palm-leaf roofs shone afar, like roofs of gold, behind the dark tree-trunks; figures passed, vivid and vanishing; the smoke of fires stood upright above the masses of flowering bushes; bamboo fences glittered in broken lines between the fields. Nothing moved. The sun blazed.

It was almost impossible to remember who he was—only a petty chief of Mindanao, in a place where we could fairly safely break the law against the traffic in firearms and ammunition. What would happen should one of the Spanish gunboats suddenly become active did not trouble us, once we were inside the bay—so completely did it appear out of the reach of the world. As to Karain, nothing could happen to him unless what happens to all—failure and death; but for him success appeared certain. He seemed too necessary for the existence of his land and his people, to be destroyed by anything.

We came to know the place well—the purple semicircle of hills, the slim trees leaning over houses, the yellow sands, the green ravines. He

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appeared utterly cut off from everything but the sunshine, and that even seemed to be made for him alone. Once when asked what was on the other side of the hills, he said, with a meaning smile, 'Friends and enemies—many enemies; else why should I buy your rifles and powder?' 'Friends and enemies'—nothing else. Certainly no sound came from outside. 'Friends and enemies!' Some ten years ago he had led his people—wandering Bugis—to the conquest of the bay, and now in his care they had forgotten all the past, and had lost all concern for the future. He gave them wisdom, advice, reward, punishment, life or death, with the same attitude and voice. He understood irrigation, the art of war, weapons, and boat-building. He could conceal his heart; had more endurance; he could swim longer, and steer a canoe better than any of his people; he could shoot straighter, and negotiate more cunningly than any man of his race I knew. He was an adventurer of the sea, an outcast, a ruler—and my very good friend. I wish him a quick death in a stand-up fight, a death in sunshine; for he had known remorse and power, and no man can demand more from life.

But at night he talked openly. In the day-

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time there were affairs to be discussed in state. His followers thronged round him; above his head the broad blades of their spears made a spiked halo of iron points. Before sunset he would take leave with ceremony, and go off sitting under a red umbrella, and escorted by a score of boats. All the paddles flashed and struck together with a mighty splash that echoed loudly in the hills around. A broad stream of dazzling foam could be seen behind the boats. The canoes appeared very black on the water; turbaned heads swayed; a multitude of arms in crimson and yellow rose and fell with one movement; the spearmen, upright in the bows of canoes, had many-coloured sarongs, and gleaming shoulders like bronze statues; the paddlers' song ended periodically in a plaintive shout. They diminished in the distance; the song ceased; they swarmed on the beach in the long shadows of the western hills. The sunlight lingered, and we could see him leading the way to his stockade, a burly bareheaded figure, walking far in advance of his straggling followers, and swinging regularly an ebony staff taller than himself. The darkness deepened fast, torches gleamed, and at last night fell.

Then, just as we were thinking of repose,

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the watchmen of the schooner would hail a splash of paddles away in the starlit gloom of the bay; a voice would respond in cautious tones, and our *serang*, putting his head down the open skylight, would inform us without surprise, 'That Raja, he coming. He here now.' Karain appeared noiselessly in the doorway of the little cabin. He was simplicity itself then: all in white; for arms, only a kris with a plain buffalo-horn handle, which he would politely conceal within a fold of his sarong before stepping over the threshold. The old sword-bearer's face, the worn-out and mournful face covered with wrinkles, could be seen close above his shoulder. Karain never moved without that attendant, who stood or squatted close at his back.

He had a dislike of an open space behind him. It was more than a dislike—it resembled fear, fear of what went on where he could not see. This, in view of the evident and fierce loyalty that surrounded him, was strange. He was there alone in the midst of devoted men; he was safe from all attacks; and yet more than one of our visitors had assured us that their ruler could not bear to be alone. They said, 'Even when he eats and sleeps there is always

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one on the watch near him who has strength and weapons.' We noticed that, even during the most important interviews, Karain would often give a start and, interrupting his remarks, would sweep his arm back with a sudden movement to feel whether the old fellow was there. The old fellow was always there. He shared his food, his repose, and his thoughts; he knew his plans, guarded his secrets; and, without stirring the least bit, murmured above his head in a soothing tone some words difficult to catch.

It was only on board the schooner, when surrounded by white faces, by unfamiliar sights and sounds, that Karain seemed to forget his strange fear. At night we treated him in a free and easy manner. He said himself that on such occasions he was only a private gentleman coming to see other gentlemen. I fancy that to the last he believed us to be secret agents of Government. He paid no attention to our denials. He only smiled and inquired about the Queen. Every visit began with that inquiry. He multiplied questions; he could never know enough of the monarch of whom he spoke with wonder and chivalrous respect—with a kind of affectionate awe! Afterwards,

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when we had learned that he was the son of a woman who had, many years ago, ruled a small Bugis state, we came to suspect that the memory of his mother (of whom he spoke with enthusiasm) mingled somehow in his mind with the image he tried to form for himself of the far-off Queen whom he called Great, Invincible, Pious, and Fortunate. We had to invent details at last to satisfy his curiosity ; and we tried to make them fit for his ideal.

We talked. The night slipped over us, over the still schooner, over the sleeping land, and over the sleepless sea that thundered amongst the reefs outside the bay. His paddlers, two trustworthy men, slept in the canoe at the foot of our side-ladder. The old follower, relieved from duty, dozed on his heels, with his back against the companion-doorway ; and Karain sat squarely in the ship's wooden arm-chair, a cheroot between his dark fingers, and a glass of lemonade before him. He was amused by the fizz of the thing, but after a sip or two would let it get flat, and, with a courteous wave of his hand, ask for a fresh bottle. Our slender stock suffered ; but we did not mind, for, when he began, he talked well.

He must have been a great Bugis dandy in

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his time, for even then (and when we knew him he was no longer young) he was spotlessly neat, and he dyed his hair a light shade of brown. The quiet dignity of his bearing transformed the dim-lit schooner into an audience-hall. He talked of inter-island politics with shrewdness. He had travelled much, suffered not a little, plotted, fought. He knew many courts, European settlements, the forests, the sea, and, as he said himself, had spoken in his time to many great men. He liked to talk with me because I had known some of these men : he seemed to think that I could understand him, and assumed that I, at least, could appreciate how much greater he was himself. But he preferred to talk of his native country—a small Bugis state on the island of Celebes. I had visited it some time before, and he asked eagerly for news. As men's names came up in conversation he would say, ' We swam against one another when we were boys ; ' or ' We had hunted the deer together—he could use the noose and the spear as well as I.' Now and then his big dreamy eyes would roll restlessly ; he frowned or smiled, or he would become pensive, and, staring in silence, would nod slightly for a time at some regretted vision of the past.

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His mother had been the ruler of a small semi-independent state on the sea-coast at the head of the Gulf of Boni. He spoke of her with pride. She had been a woman resolute in affairs of state and also in affairs of her own heart. After the death of her first husband, undismayed by the opposition of the chiefs, she married a rich trader, a Korinchi man of no family. Karain was her son by that second marriage, but his unfortunate descent had apparently nothing to do with his exile. He said nothing as to its cause, though once he let slip with a sigh, 'Ha! my land will not feel any more the weight of my body.' But he related willingly the story of his wanderings, and told us all about the conquest of the bay. Alluding to the people beyond the hills, he would murmur gently, with a careless wave of the hand, 'They came over the hills once to fight us, but those who got away never came again.' He thought for a while, smiling to himself. 'Very few got away,' he added proudly. He enjoyed the recollection of his successes; when he talked, his aspect was warlike, chivalrous, and uplifting. No wonder his people admired him.

We saw him once walking in daylight amongst the houses of the settlement. At the doors of

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huts groups of women turned to look after him with gleaming eyes ; armed men stood out of the way, submissive and erect ; others approached from the side, bending their backs to address him humbly ; an old woman stretched out a draped lean arm, ' Blessings on thy head ! ' she cried from a dark doorway ; a fiery-eyed man showed above the low fence of a plantain patch a streaming face, a bare breast scarred in two places, and bellowed out pantingly after him, ' God give victory to our master ! ' Karain walked fast, and with firm, long strides ; he answered greetings right and left by quick, piercing glances. Children ran forward between the houses, peeped fearfully round corners ; young boys kept up with him—gliding between bushes, their eyes gleamed through the dark leaves. The old sword-bearer, shouldering the silver scabbard, shuffled hastily at his heels with bowed head and his eyes on the ground. And in the midst of a great stir they passed swift and silent, like two men hurrying through a great solitude.

In his council hall he was surrounded by armed chiefs, while two long rows of old headmen, dressed in cotton stuffs, squatted on their heels, with idle arms hanging over their knees.

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Under the thatch roof, supported by smooth columns, of which each one had cost the life of a straight-stemmed young palm, the scent of flowering hedges drifted in warm waves. The sun was sinking. In the open courtyard suppliants walked through the gate, raising, when yet far off, their joined hands above bowed heads, and bending low in the bright stream of sunlight.

After sunset, far across the fields and over the bay, clusters of torches could be seen burning under the high roofs of the council shed. Smoky red flames swayed on high poles, and the fiery blaze flickered over faces, and kindled bright sparks on the rims of metal dishes standing on fine floor-mats. That obscure adventurer feasted like a king. Small groups of men crouched in tight circles round the wooden platters; brown hands hovered over snowy heaps of rice. Sitting upon a rough couch apart from the others, he leaned on his elbow with inclined head; and near him a youth sang of his valour and wisdom. The singer rocked himself to and fro; old women hobbled about with dishes, and men, squatting low, lifted their heads to listen gravely without ceasing to eat. He silenced the song of triumph

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with a sign, 'Enough!' They watched his moods; their talk subsided like a wave on a sloping beach. The chief is pensive. And above the spreading whisper of lowered voices only a light rattle of weapons would be heard, or the grave ring of a big brass tray.

JOSEPH CONRAD: 'Karain: A Memory' (*Tales of Unrest*).

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Lesson 13

CROCODILE CATCHING

We were in the back veranda of my bungalow, and in front of me a Malay squatted on the floor, and beside him were weird implements—some gigantic hooks, four or five coils of rattan, a basket full of odds and ends, and four dead fowls.

Manap was his name—Abdulmanap bin Muhammad Arsad, to give him his full name, and Manap Rimau, or Tiger Manap, to give him the name by which he was best known. He was a professional crocodile-catcher, making his living out of the reward offered by the Government for the extermination of these animals. His skill and extraordinary daring in shooting tigers, also of course for the Government reward, had earned him the name commonly given to him. He lived near the sea,

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close to the mangrove swamps where his work lay, and had come up to Taiping in answer to a letter from me. I asked him to show me the lines he had brought with him.

'It is cooler in the house than by the lake,' he said, picking up the basket; 'shall I bait the hooks here?' He pulled out a knife with a cutting edge some twenty inches long, and carefully thumbed the blade. 'And the Tuan wants to know not only how to catch crocodiles, but to learn the charms and lore in connection with it? Well, whatever it be that one intends to learn, one must start from the beginning. The boys at school begin with Alif, the first letter of the alphabet, and to catch crocodiles one must know the beginning of crocodiles.

'The first crocodile had its origin in the following manner. One day the nurse of Siti Fatimah, the daughter of the Prophet Muhammad, took the sheath of a betel-nut palm leaf, and on it moulded some clay into the shape of what is now a crocodile; and the palm-leaf sheath formed the belly of the animal. Of the joints of some sugar-cane she made its ribs. On its head she placed a pointed stone, and bits of turmeric formed its eyes; its tail was a leaf of the betel-nut palm.

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'She then tried to give life to it, but at once it fell to pieces. Twice this happened, but the third time she prayed to Almighty God for life for it, and at once the animal breathed and moved. For many years it was the plaything of the Prophet's daughter, but at last, with increasing size, it became disobedient, and the nurse being by this time old and feeble, Siti Fatimah cursed the animal, saying, "You shall become the crocodile of the sea, nothing that you eat shall have taste for you, and you shall have no more pleasure and desire." She then drew out all its teeth, and to close its mouth drove nails through from the upper to the lower jaw, and from the lower to the upper jaw. The crocodile was allowed to escape, but soon found a way to open its jaws, and the nails driven in by Siti Fatimah have become the teeth that it now has.'

Manap knew the folk-story off by heart, and probably repeated it in the exact words in which he had first heard it.

'Now,' he continued, 'we must remember this: the eyes of the first crocodile were made of turmeric, and to this day a crocodile cannot struggle successfully against a man who knows the properties of turmeric. A piece of it

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rubbed on the line weakens the crocodile's resistance, and if we sprinkle the boat with water in which it has been soaked, the crocodile will not attack it. Turmeric, if rubbed on a crocodile's head, when the proper charms are repeated, will quickly kill it.

'And this is the way to bait the hooks.' He then showed how this was done.

'I brought fowls for a bait because I was in a hurry. White fowls are the best, for the crocodile can see them farther, but if I had had time I should have shot a monkey. There is nothing that a crocodile likes better than one of the grey, long-tailed kind. He sees them playing and leaping in the mangrove trees at high tide, and trooping over the mud flats at low tide; at all times they scream and scold and chatter at him, for the crocodile and monkey have long been foes. It is seldom that a crocodile catches a monkey, but when he does it is very sweet to him.'

It did not take Manap long to bait the four hooks he had brought, and he was then ready to make a start. In the meantime I had explained my reason for sending for him. Taiping, the capital of Perak, is happy in the possession of a beautiful public garden and an orna-

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mental lake. Until they were made, their site had been a wilderness of abandoned mine-holes. The Chinese method of getting alluvial tin ore is to open an enormous pit and to remove the earth from it until the lower part that carries the tin ore is exposed. When the mine is worked out and abandoned, there is left a hole which may vary from twenty to sixty feet in depth, and which may even extend for half a mile in length and a hundred yards or more in breadth. To form the Taiping lake a series of such abandoned mines were joined, a dam erected at their lower end, and a small mountain stream connected to the place. Many of the old banks of the mines were left to form islands in the lake, some of them covered with closely mown turf and dotted with palms, while others, by way of contrast, were allowed to remain wild. A circular road, some two miles long, runs through the gardens and round the lake; the golf links are on one side, and on the other is the racecourse.

It is not the sort of place where one would expect to find crocodiles: one looks for them in tidal rivers or backwaters, but not in an artificial lake in a public garden. Crocodiles have, however, the most extraordinary habits,

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and often leave their native river to make journeys of many miles overland. In the interior of Perak they have been found in abandoned mine-holes so far from any stream that it is difficult even to guess from which direction they have wandered, or to tell whether it was by accident or design that they had discovered an isolated pool in the midst of tropical forest. It was extraordinary, but still it was easy to see how the crocodiles had got into the Taiping lake: the Squirrel River, though a small, shallow stream, incapable of affording food or shelter to a crocodile, runs close by, and lower down joins a tidal river. A crocodile could make its way either up the channel of the Squirrel, or through the forest on its bank for a distance of some three miles, and it would then be opposite the lake. After that, to travel some two or three hundred yards overland and to cross a metalled cart road would afford but little difficulty.

It is easy to see how it is done, but who can say why it is done? Why should a crocodile leave a river stocked with food, and explore an utterly unsuitable tributary for miles, and then wander inland until it strikes a pool? All that one can say is, that it does; and there

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was a rumour that three of these brutes had found their way into the lake. So long as they confined their attention to the fish, and perhaps an occasional duck, no one objected to their presence; but when one of them began to take the sheep off the bank as they came down to drink, and had even gone so far as to make an attempt on a cow, it was felt that the brutes ought to be exterminated. When children were playing at the water's edge anything might happen. The crocodiles never came up to sleep on the bank in the heat of the day, for they had not yet, so far, dared to show themselves. There was therefore no chance of shooting them, and so I sent for Manap.

When the baits were all ready Manap and I went down to the lake and pushed off in a Malay dug-out to reconnoitre. The lake was fairly shallow toward the sides, but in the centre there were some very deep old mine-holes, and to approach these pools, which were almost certainly where the crocodiles were to be found, one had to pass the islands. We decided to leave a baited line at each entrance between the islands, and Manap proceeded to unwind one of the coils of rattan, and straightened out the curves in it until it followed the canoe,

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floating on the top of the water like a yellow snake. Out of his basket he produced a piece of wood large enough to carry the hook and bait, and light enough to support its weight above the level of the water. To this wood he fastened the bait with some bamboo pegs, and then gently stopped the canoe at a narrow entrance that led between two islands to a deep pool. Carefully placing the bait and its wooden support in the water, so that it floated upright, he muttered an invocation. He then picked up the paddle and struck the water three resounding blows with the flat blade. 'The crocodile will hear that,' he turned to say, 'and will come the sooner.'

He then pushed the bait about two or three yards away from the land, so that it floated in open water, and carefully put the rattan line along the bushes that fringed the island in such a way that none of it lay in the water. The end of the rattan was not fastened to anything, and the crocodile was free to carry off hook, line, and bait where it chose, but wherever it might go the rattan would float on the water's surface and betray the presence of the crocodile. We placed the three other baits in suitable places, and then had done all that we could do for the

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present. What surprised me more than anything was the smallness of the bait; it seemed surprising that any animal that could carry off cattle should trouble to notice anything so small as a chicken. 'They will eat anything,' Manap said—'frogs or rats, if they can get nothing bigger.'

We were back at the lake a little after sunrise the next morning, and as soon as we got near the place where we had set the first line we saw that the bait had disappeared. Manap's eyes glistened. He put everything in order in the canoe, pushed the boat-pole, his enormous knife, and huge basket into the bows of the canoe, and paddled gently towards the spot. Suddenly his face fell. Then he turned to me. 'See, it was not a crocodile, but an iguana that took the bait. There is the rattan still hanging on the bushes. A crocodile would have swum away before it swallowed the bait.' We paddled up and found that the iguana had taken the bait out of the water, dragged it a few yards on to the land, and had then stripped the hook clear, leaving nothing but the bare metal. There was nothing to be done but to coil up the rattan and take it away. Most loathsome animals are these iguanas, to call them by their popular name,

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though ' monitor lizard ' is their more proper name. They have wonderful powers of scent, and are always to be found near carrion.

We found that the three other baits had not been touched, and all that we could do, therefore, was to go home hoping that a crocodile would soon feel hungry. On the way back Manap told me the story of the quarrel between the crocodile and the monkey, to which he had referred the day before.

' Once the crocodile's wife was very sick, and it seemed as if she would die. The doctors and sorcerers who were attending her declared that the only chance of her recovery was that she should eat a monkey's heart. So the crocodile set off in search of a monkey. He left the sea, and ascended a river, until he met a monkey playing on the banks. The crocodile called to him, " Oh, Sir Monkey, who is the wisest and cleverest doctor in this land ? "

' And the monkey of course said, " I am."

' The crocodile then explained that his wife was very ill, and that he would be for ever grateful if the monkey would prescribe for her. An enormous fee was demanded and agreed to, and the monkey stepped on to the back of the

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crocodile, who at once swam away down the river.

'When they got out to sea the crocodile was so pleased with his skill in having deceived the monkey that he could no longer keep the joke to himself. So he explained to the monkey that he was going to give his wife the monkey's heart to eat.

'The monkey, though he nearly died of fright, showed no outward signs of alarm. On the contrary, he said that the crocodile's wife could have his heart, but declared that it was a thousand pities that the crocodile had not explained his purpose earlier, for he had left his heart hanging on a tree on the bank where he had been playing when the crocodile had met him.

'He suggested that they should return to get the heart, and to this the crocodile, who realized that the monkey without his heart was of no use to him, agreed.

'Back they went, therefore, and at the bank where they had first met the monkey pointed out a tree and was allowed to land. He sprang ashore, and climbed to the top of the nearest tree, whence he screamed and chattered his wrath and defiance at the astonished crocodile.

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'Ever since then the crocodiles and the monkeys have been enemies, and whenever a family of monkeys see a crocodile, they gather round him and ask rude questions about his wife, and inquire whether he has lately met many monkeys' hearts hanging on the trees.'

The same afternoon, when the heat of the day was over, we went out again and found another bait gone. Rattan line and all had disappeared, and there was no doubt that it was a crocodile this time. We carefully examined a deep pool that lay close by, and then a second pool, and afterwards a third inner pool from which the others led, and here we found a piece of wood on which the bait had floated. There were marks of crocodile's teeth on it. At the farthest end of the pool we saw the end of the rattan line floating on the water, and knew that the crocodile was at the other end of it.

We got ready: Manap was of course barefooted, and I took off my shoes and stockings, so that my bare feet might have as good a hold as possible on the smooth bottom of the dug-out. Everything was pushed into the bows except the barbed spear, which was to be very useful. This spear was made on the same principle as a harpoon: a rope is attached to

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an iron spear-head, into which a shaft loosely fits ; as soon as a blow has been driven home with the spear, the shaft detaches from the head, and the stricken animal is held by the rope and the barb.

I stood up in the middle of the canoe, and the spear with its coil of rope lay at my feet. Manap sat in the stern, paddling gently. As we approached, the rattan line glided away mysteriously. The crocodile had seen us coming, and, unconscious of the fatal rattan that marked its course, had moved into deeper water. I seized the line and pulled rapidly ; in an instant I felt the crocodile on the line, and jerked the line hard so as to get the hook into its gullet.

I could feel that the crocodile was well hooked. At once it moved off into the deep water at the centre of the pool, dragging the canoe after it. It sullenly resisted, as I slowly hauled in the line hand by hand. It was sick with fright, but only for a few yards, and then it burst into a wild fury. For years it had been the tyrant of the lake, and, since it had left its native river, had never come into contact with anything stronger and more powerful than itself, and it would not yield without a struggle.

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Wildly lashing the water, it turned to dive to the bottom, and to break the rattan line. I was brought almost to my knees, and had to let out the line I had pulled in ; and it was all that I could do to hold on to the end of the line while the crocodile towed us, canoe and all, towards the second pool.

Again I hauled in the line with all my might, and Manap skilfully guided the canoe. In the contest I had the great factor in my favour that I had not so much to pull the crocodile up to the canoe as to pull the canoe up to the crocodile ; but, on the other hand, my foothold in the little canoe was not always as sure as might be desired. After a lengthy struggle I managed to get the crocodile within three or four yards of the canoe, and in the clear blue water of the pool we could see its yellow length under the canoe fighting and snapping at the line, and turning and twisting as it fought. But the sight of the canoe was too much for it, and with a desperate effort it tore the line out of my grasp until only the end of it remained in my hands, and continued the struggle in the depths of the pool. Again I pulled in the line, and yard by yard it yielded. This time I saw that I could get it within reach

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of the canoe, and when it was within three or four yards of us I handed the line to Manap, as we had arranged, and picked up the spear.

'Stab it in the soft part of the throat, Tuan, or under the stomach, not in the back or sides; and stab quickly, for the line may be partly bitten through.' With straining muscles Manap pulled the line, and the crocodile came up fighting through the water. As it came to the surface the water was full of foam owing to its struggles. In the middle of the foam one could see four outspread claws with every nail outstretched, a lashing tail, and a long flat head with open jaws. For a second it straightened, and as it did so Manap hauled its head above the level of the water, and I had a clear view of the throat, at which I stabbed with all my strength.

Who is responsible for the traveller's tale that the crocodile's skin cannot be pierced by steel weapons, or even by bullets? Under my thrust I felt the spear slice its way through the soft flesh. The spear-head entered up to its hilt, and then I wrenched the shaft free from the socket and seized the coil of rope at my feet. Thus we now had a double hold on the crocodile—Manap holding by the rattan

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line and hook, and I by the barbed spear and rope.

If there had been a storm before, there was a tornado now. At one moment the open jaws would come out of the water and snap together, unpleasantly close to our legs ; the next moment the heavy tail would swing free of the water, and, lashing through the air, would hit the side of the canoe a blow that made it shiver.

More than once it seemed as if the brute would get on board. We were both drenched from head to foot with the water that flew in every direction, and the little canoe rocked so violently in the water that there was no small risk of losing one's balance and falling in on top of the raging brute.

' We have him too close to the boat,' Manap shouted. ' Let out more line ! ' We slowly let go the two lines, with the result that not only was the struggle continued at a safer distance, but that the crocodile entangled itself in the lines. As it writhed and twisted and turned on every side and in every direction, the rope caught an outstretched leg on one side, made a loop round it, and then caught in a leg on the other side. As each limb was caught we let

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out more line, so that, while of course the line was always taut, there was sufficient length of it between the crocodile and ourselves to enable it to entangle itself still further. In a few minutes all four legs were caught, and the animal's struggles became less violent; for though most of its power lay in its tail, yet the legs were needed to balance the body in the water, and without this balance its efforts became uncertain. Twice in its twists the crocodile slipped the ropes from its legs, and the struggle began once more until they were again entangled.

'I think that we can manage now,' Manap said. We both pulled our lines in until the crocodile was a few feet from the canoe. 'Will you take both lines—one in each hand?' Manap handed his line over to me, and picked up a piece of cord some three or four yards long. 'Now hold steady with the line on the spear-head, and pull hard on the hook-line, so as to bring his head as far as possible above the water.' I followed the directions, and as the open mouth appeared above the water, Manap quickly tied the jaws together. The turmoil ceased, and from the moment that the cord had been slipped round its jaws the crocodile appeared to give

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up all heart. No sooner was the knot tied round the crocodile's mouth than Manap produced another cord and tied the two fore-legs together. With a third cord he fastened the two hind-legs together.

'Sudah,' he said. 'That is finished.'

What he had done was perfectly marvellous. In two minutes he had made a water-devil harmless, and his only weapon had been three pieces of cord. The furious monster now lay long and limp beside the canoe. The tightly closed mouth and the legs tied together made it look almost ridiculous. The fight was over. I held the rattan line, and Manap paddled the canoe ashore. The crocodile did not make another effort. A deep groan burst from its clenched mouth twice or three times, and it allowed itself to be towed alongside the canoe like a dead thing. When we reached the edge of the lake Manap dragged it ashore by the golf links, and killed it with a few blows of a heavy wooden bar.

It was between nine and ten feet long, and the clear water of the lake had given it a most beautiful bright yellow colour. The girth of its body and its weight showed that it had been feeding well, and as it had taken to attacking

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cattle, it was time that it was caught. A man seized by it would have had no possible chance of escape.

Such was the taking of the first crocodile that Manap and I caught together. Though we often set baits for the other two crocodiles that were said to inhabit the lake, we never caught them. But in the old mine-holes round Taiping I caught many afterwards, sometimes with Manap and sometimes without him. The second time that I went out I took the cord myself to tie up the crocodile's mouth. It was one of the most exciting moments I have ever experienced.

On another occasion B. and I set some lines in an abandoned mine-hole near a big mine where some twelve or fourteen hundred Chinese coolies were working. A crocodile was hooked, and when the coolies saw us at the water's edge they flocked round us to satisfy their curiosity; and so thickly and so closely did they press upon us that we were nearly pushed into the water on top of the struggling animal. It was only by threatening them with a spear that I was able to keep enough space around us.

Another time S. and I set two lines in an abandoned mine at Kamunting, and when we

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returned the next morning we could find no sign of them. We paddled round the water's edge and examined every inch most carefully; then we inspected a little creek that flowed into the hole, and followed it for half a mile or so. Not a sign of any rattan. We followed the creek where it led out of the pool, and went down it for about a mile. Again not a sign anywhere, and coming to the conclusion that some one had seen the rattans and had stolen them, we returned home in disgust.

About a week later a note was brought to me from the police station to say that a Malay had come there with a crocodile, which he said he thought belonged to me. I went over at once to the police station and there saw one of my missing lines, and attached to it a young crocodile. The Malay's story was that he was cutting firewood in the forest about a mile from the pool in which I had set my lines, and had seen the rattan lying on the ground. He naturally picked it up, and was considerably surprised to find a crocodile at the end of it. It was a small one, and with assistance he killed it. Having heard of my lost lines, he naturally concluded that this was one of them, and brought it to the police station. To his delight

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I told the police to pay over to him the Government reward for killing a crocodile. Nothing was ever heard of the other missing line. I imagine that both lines were taken by crocodiles, and that the animals, after swallowing the baits, had felt suspicious of the rattan lines which followed them wherever they went, and had left the pool in the hope of getting rid of them. That the animal which the Malay came across should have been resting so far from water is remarkable ; and that the two animals should have taken the baits on the same day, and that both should have abandoned the pool to wander overland, is extraordinary.

Sometimes one hooks a crocodile that is too big to be tackled. A crocodile more than twelve feet long has such weight and bulk and strength that it cannot be attacked from a boat without great danger. 'Have a rifle handy,' was Manap's advice, 'if you think that you have hooked a big crocodile, and try to catch it from the bank if possible, for sometimes it will attack a boat. If the crocodile floats up to the top and looks over the water to see what it is that troubles him, then do one of two things at once : shoot him if you have a rifle, or else drop the line and go home. For the next

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thing that he will do when he feels the line again will be to dash at the boat and board it. And then what is one to do ? '

In the Taiping Museum hangs a crocodile twenty-four feet eight inches long, and when one stands in front of it and pictures the scene suggested by Manap, one cannot but echo his question :

' And then what is one to do ? '

SIR GEORGE MAXWELL: *In Malay Forests.*
(By permission of the Author and Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Ltd.)

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Lesson 14

A NIGHT OF TERROR

If you put your finger on the map of the Malay Peninsula an inch or two from its exact centre, you will find a river in Pahang territory which has its rise in the watershed that divides that state from Kelantan and Trengganu. This river is called the Tĕmbĕling, and it is chiefly remarkable for the number of its rapids and the richness of its gutta-bearing forest. Below the rapids the people are chiefly noted for the quaint pottery that they produce from the clay which abounds there; these have probably suffered no change since the days when Solomon's fleets sought gold and peafowl and monkeys in the jungles of the Peninsula, as everybody knows. Above the rapids the Malays plant enough gambier to supply the wants of the whole betel-chewing population of Pahang, and, as the sale of this brings them a few

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dollars annually, they do not trouble to plant their own rice. This grain, which is the staple food of all Malays, without which they cannot live, is therefore sold to them by down-river people at the exorbitant price of half a dollar the bushel.

A short distance up-stream, and midway between the mouth and the big rapids, there is a straggling village called Ranggul, the houses of which, made of wattled bamboos and thatched with palm leaves, stand on piles, amid the groves of coconut and areca-nut palms, varied by clumps of smooth-leaved banana trees. The houses are not very close together, but a man can call from one to the other with ease; and thus the coconuts thrive, which, as the Malays say, grow not with pleasure beyond the sound of the human voice. The people of the village plant a little rice, when the season comes, in the swamps behind the village. They work a little jungle produce, when poverty drives them to it, but they take life sufficiently easily. If you chance to go into the village of Ranggul during any of the hot hours of the day, you will find most of its occupants lying about in their dark, cool houses, engaged in gentle tasks. Sitting thus,

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they gossip with a passing neighbour, or they croak snatches of song, with some refrain to it, and from time to time break off to cast a word over their shoulders to the wife in the dim background, or to the little daughter, carefully hidden on the shelf overhead.

This is an account of what happened at Ranggul about five-and-thirty years ago, when Wan Ahmad, now better known as Sultan Ahmad Maatham Shah, was collecting his forces in Dungun, before making his last and successful descent into the Těmběling valley, to overrun and conquer Pahang. A large house stood, at that time, in a rather lonely position, within a thickly planted compound at one end of the village. In this house, on the night of which I write, seven men and two women were at work on the evening meal. The men sat in the centre of the floor, on a white mat made from the plaited leaves of the *měng-kuang* palm, with a plate piled with rice before each of them, and a brass tray, holding various little china bowls of curry, placed where all could reach it. They sat cross-legged, with bowed backs, supporting themselves on their left arms, the left hand lying flat on the mat, and being so turned that the outspread fingers

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pointed inwards. With the fingers of their right hands they mixed the curry and the rice, and then swiftly carried a large handful to their mouths, skilfully, without dropping a grain. The women sat in a half-kneeling position, with their feet tucked away under them, and looked after the men. They said nothing, except for an occasional exclamation when they drove away a lean cat that crept too near to the food, and the men also were silent. There was no sound to be heard, except the hum of the insects out of doors, the deep note of the bull-frogs in the rice swamps, and the unnecessarily loud noise made by the men as they ate.

When the meal was over the women carried what was left to a corner near the fireplace, and there enjoyed what their lords had not consumed. If you had looked carefully, however, you would have seen that the cooking-pots, over which the women ruled, held a secret store, and that the quality was by no means inferior to that which had been allotted to the men.

The men, meanwhile, began to chew betel, and having prepared cigarettes of Javanese tobacco, with the dried shoots of the *nipah* palm for wrappers, at length broke the silence.

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Che' Sĕman, the owner of the house, and his two sons, Awang and Ngah, discussed the prospects of the crop then growing in the fields behind the compound. Their cousin Abdullah, who happened to be staying there for the night, told of a fall of his wife's aunt's brother when climbing a coconut tree. Mat, his *biras* (for they had married two sisters, which made them relations according to Malay ideas), added to Abdullah's description of the corpse after the accident. And as this attracted the attention of the two remaining men, Potek and Kassim, who had been discussing the price of rice, all joined in the talk. Potek and Kassim had recently returned from Dungun, where, as has been said, the present Sultan of Pahang was, at that time, collecting the force with which he afterwards successfully invaded and conquered the State. They told about all they had seen and heard. But they soon began to discuss the subject which the Tĕmbĕling people were always talking about at that time.

'He of the hairy face * is with us once more,' ejaculated Che' Sĕman; and when this announcement had caused a dead silence and

* 'Si Pudong,' one of the names used by jungle-bred Malays to describe a tiger. They avoid using the beast's real name lest the sound of it should reach his ears, and cause him to come to the speaker.

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even the women had ceased chattering, he continued—

'At the hour when the cicada is heard (sunset), I met Imam Sidik of Gĕmuroh, and asked him to stay to eat rice; but he would not, saying that he of the hairy face had killed a girl at Labu last night, and it was wise for all men to be within their houses before dark. And so saying he paddled his dug-out down stream with the short, quick stroke used when we race boats. Imam Sidik is a wise man, and his words are true. He of the hairy face spares neither priest nor prince. The girl he killed at Labu was a daughter of the Wans—her name Wan Esah.'

'That makes three-and-twenty whom he of the hairy face has killed in three months,' said Awang in a low, fear-stricken voice. 'He touches neither goats nor kine, and men say he sucks more blood than he eats flesh.'

'That it is which proves him to be the thing he is,' said Ngah.

'Thy words are true,' said Che' Sĕman solemnly. 'He of the hairy face has his origin in a man. The *Sĕmang* of the woods drove him forth from among them, and now he lives solitary in the jungles, and by night he takes

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upon himself the form of him of the hairy face, and feasts upon the flesh of his own kind.'

'I have heard tell that it is only the men of Korinchi who have this strange power,' said Abdullah.

'Men say that they also possess the power,' rejoined Che' Sĕman, 'but certain it is that he of the hairy face was born a *Sĕmang*, and when he goes about as a man he is like all other *Sĕmangs* to look upon. I and many others have seen him, roaming alone, naked, and muttering to himself, when we have been in the forests seeking for jungle produce. All men know that it is he who by night attacks us in our villages. If any one goes out at night to the bathing raft at the river's edge, or to look after the sick, or to visit a friend, Si Pudong is ever to be found watching.'

'But men are safe from him while they sit within their houses?' asked Mat with evident anxiety.

'God alone knows,' answered Che' Sĕman piously; 'who can say where men are safe from him of the hairy face? He comes like a shadow, and slays like a prince, and then like a shadow he is gone! May God send him far from us. Ya Allah! It is he! Listen!'

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At the word a dead silence, broken only by the hard breathing of the men and women, fell upon all within the house. Then very faintly, and far away up stream, but so that all could hear it and shudder at the sound, the long-drawn, howling, snarling moan of a hungry tiger broke upon the stillness. All who have listened to the tiger in the forest know that he has many voices. He can give a barking cry, which is not unlike that of a deer ; he can grunt like a startled boar, and squeak like the monkeys cowering at his approach in the branches overhead ; he can shake the earth with a vibrating, resonant purr, like the sound of faint thunder in the foothills ; he can mew and snarl like an angry wildcat ; and he can roar like a lusty lion cub. But it is when he lifts up his voice in the long-drawn moan that the jungle chiefly fears him. This cry means that he is hungry, and, moreover, that he is so sure of his prey that he cares not if all the world knows that his belly is empty.

Again the long-drawn, moaning cry broke upon the stillness. The cattle heard it and were panic-stricken. Half mad with fear they charged the walls of their pen, bearing all before them, and in a moment could be heard

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in the distance plunging madly through the brushwood, and splashing through the soft earth of the padi fields. The dogs whimpered and scampered off in every direction, while the fowls beneath the house set up a discordant screeching. The people in the house were too terror-stricken to speak, for fear, which gives voices to the animal world, makes human beings dumb. And all this time the cry broke forth again and again, ever louder and louder, as he of the hairy face drew nearer and yet more near.

At last the cruel whining howl sounded within the very compound in which the house stood, and seemed so close that Mat started violently and overturned the pitch torch at his elbow, and extinguished the flickering light. The women crowded up against the men, their teeth chattering. The men gripped their spears, and squatted tremblingly in the half light thrown by the dying embers of the fire.

'Fear nothing, Minah,' Che' Sĕman whispered in a hoarse, strange voice to his little daughter, who nestled miserably against his breast; 'he will soon be gone. Even he of the hairy face will do us no harm while we sit within the house.'

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Che' Sĕman spoke from the experience of many generations of Malays, but he knew not the nature of the strange beast with whom he had to deal. Once more the moan-like howl broke out on the still night air, but this time the note had changed, and gradually it became the ferocious snarling roar, the charge song, as the tiger rushed forward and leaped against the side of the house. There was a shriek from all the seven throats, and then came a scratching, tearing sound, followed by a soft, dull flop, as the tiger, failing to get on to the low roof, fell back to earth. The men started to their feet, clutching their weapons, and, led by Che' Sĕman, they raised, above the shrieks of the frightened women, a weak *sorak*, the Malayan war-cry, which is intended not only to put heart into those who utter it, but also to frighten the enemy in defiance of whom it is sounded.

Mat, the man who had upset the torch and plunged the house in darkness, alone failed to add his voice to the miserable cheer. Wild with fear of the beast outside, he crept, unobserved by the others, into the *para*, or shelf-like upper apartment. This place, as is usual in most Malay houses, was hardly a room. It

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consisted of a platform suspended from the roof in one corner of the house, and among the dusty lumber with which it was covered Mat now cowered and sought to hide himself.

A minute or two passed after the tiger's first unsuccessful charge, and all inside the house waited in terror. But presently the howl broke forth again, then followed the charge song, and once more the house trembled under the weight of the great animal. This time the leap of him of the hairy face had been of truer aim, and a crash overhead, a shower of leaflets of thatch, and the creaking of the woodwork told the terrified people in the house that their enemy had landed on the roof.

The miserable cheer, which Che' Sĕman called on them to give in answer to the charge song of the tiger, ceased at once. All looked upwards as the thatch was torn violently apart by the great claws of their assailant. There were no firearms in the house, but the men grasped their spears and held them ready to await the tiger's descent. Thus for a moment, as the quiet moonlight poured in through the gap in the thatch, they stood gazing at the great square face, at the flaming eyes, and the long, cruel teeth, which they could see in the

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hole which the claws of the beast had made. The timbers of the roof bent and cracked, and then, with the agility of a cat, he of the hairy face leaped lightly down, and in a moment was among them. The striped hide was slightly wounded by the spears, but all the men were knocked down. The tiger never stayed to use its jaws. It sat up like a kitten playing with something, and struck out rapidly and with unerring aim with its paws, and speedily defeated all its enemies. Che' Sĕman, with his two sons, Awang and Ngah, were the first to fall. Then Iang, Che' Sĕman's wife, fell backwards against the wall with her skull crushed by one of the well-aimed blows from the fearful paws. Kassim, Potek, and Abdullah were knocked down by the tiger one after another, and Minah, the girl who had nestled against her father for protection, lay now under her father's dead body, sorely wounded, wild with terror, but still alive and conscious. Mat, cowering on the shelf overhead, breathless with fear, was the only person in the house who remained uninjured.

He of the hairy face killed quickly and silently, while there were yet some alive to resist him. Then, purring gently, he drank a

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deep draught of blood from each of his slaughtered victims. At last he reached Che' Sĕman, and Minah, seeing him approach, made a feeble effort to get away. Then began a fearful scene, the tiger playing with and torturing the girl, just as we all have seen a cat do with a maimed mouse. Again and again Minah crawled feebly away from her tormentor, only to be drawn back again just when escape seemed possible. Again and again she lay still, utterly exhausted, and was then forced to try and move again by the touch of the tiger's cruel claws. Yet so cunningly did he play with her that, as Mat described it, a time as long as it would take to cook rice had elapsed before the girl was finally killed.

Even then he of the hairy face did not go. Mat, as he lay trembling on the shelf overhead, watched the tiger play with the mangled bodies of each of his victims in turn. He leaped from one to the other, inflicting a fresh blow with teeth or claws on their torn flesh, just like a kitten playing. Then, when the dawn was breaking, the tiger tore down the door, leaped lightly to the ground, and made his way to the jungle.

When the sun was up an armed party of

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neighbours came to the house. They found the place like a slaughter-house, the bodies hardly to be recognized, and Mat lying face downward on the shelf, almost a lunatic. The bodies, though mangled, had not been eaten. The tiger contented himself with drinking the blood of his victims, and playing with them till the dawn broke.

This is, I believe, the only recorded instance in the Peninsula of a tiger having dared to attack men within their closed houses.

SIR HUGH CLIFFORD: *In Court and Kampong.*
(*By permission of the Author.*)

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Lesson 15

PIRACY

One hundred years ago there was much piracy throughout the Malay Archipelago, and hundreds of ships were sunk. The vessels which suffered most were pĕrahus, or local trading-boats; European ships were rarely attacked.

The explanation of this is simple. The pirate was first and foremost a man of business: he wanted plunder and slaves, and preferred to win them with as little risk as possible. His vessel was generally a small, low galley, while his guns were usually clumsy and small. European merchantmen were much larger, much higher out of the water, and heavily armed. The pirates knew that an attack on a merchantman meant many deaths, and perhaps defeat. Such a prize was worth many pĕrahus; but the pirates wanted to be sure of

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their plunder. A European ship was rarely attacked unless wrecked, becalmed, or surprised in harbour. If the wind failed her off a pirate coast a fleet would gather as if by magic, and then, unless a favourable breeze sprang up, her fate was sealed. The pirates usually captured her by boarding after a long battle, when they were sure from the silence of her guns that she had no powder left. Many ships were also captured in ports, when the crew were off their guard, by pirates who had come aboard disguised as merchants. Otherwise, European vessels were rarely attacked unless they were small. Malay pĕrahus and the smaller Chinese junks were the ships usually attacked. Their size was not greater than that of a large pirate galley, and they were not well armed.

It must not be concluded that the pirates were cowards. There are many instances of the desperate courage with which they fought when escape was impossible. They frequently attacked small European warships, and on several occasions captured Spanish and Dutch gunboats. More than one British and Dutch war-schooner escaped from them with difficulty.

Two instances may be given. In 1807 the small British sloop of war, *Victor*, eighteen

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guns and one hundred and fourteen men, met three large Lanun pirates off the Java coast at sunset and ordered them to come alongside. They obeyed, and a small guard of sailors was placed on two of them, while their crews and cargo were transferred to the warship. The Lanuns had been disarmed, and about one hundred and twenty brought on board, when it was noticed that the third pĕrahu was beginning to draw away. A stern-gun on the *Victor* was fired at her, and sparks from the discharge ignited a large heap of loose powder from one of the captured pĕrahus which had been thrown on the deck near by. The whole stern of the warship was blown up, and the ship caught fire. The sailors guarding the Lanuns on the *Victor* dropped their muskets and sprang for the hoses. The pirates promptly seized the muskets and their own weapons, which were lying on the deck, and fell upon the crew. At the same time the Lanuns who were still on the two captured galleys overpowered the prize crews and then began to climb on board the warship. Seeing what was going on, the third galley rowed back and opened fire. For the next half-hour the British had a very busy time of it, putting out the fire, working the

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guns, and trying to clear their decks of the pirates. There was a desperate hand-to-hand fight, cutlass and clubbed musket against spear and kris. At last the pirates were driven overboard, leaving eighty dead or wounded on the decks. The *Victor* lost nearly thirty killed or mortally wounded. One of the pĕrahus was sunk and the other two escaped. The *Victor* had so many casualties and was so severely damaged that she seems to have lost all interest in Lanuns, and instead went into port for repairs.

The second instance was the defeat in 1847 of a squadron of eleven Balanini galleys by the H.C. steamer *Nemesis* (the letters H.C., that is, the 'Honourable Company's,' were always placed before the names of ships in the East India Company's navy). The Balanini galleys were long, low, open boats, and carried three hundred and fifty men in all. They were returning home after a successful voyage around Borneo when their ill-fortune brought them across the track of the *Nemesis*, a hundred and three men and four heavy guns. It was the first time the Balanini had seen a steamship, and they tried to escape. The steamer overhauled them, and the pirates took up their

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position in a bay close to shore. The action began at one in the afternoon, and for five hours the *Nemesis* steamed slowly up and down their line, continually firing at them. Captain Mundy, who heard the story from the officers of the *Nemesis*, wrote that the pirates fought with splendid courage. Eventually six of their galleys beat off a boat attack supported by the steamer's fire, and at about 9 p.m. escaped in the gathering dusk. Five were taken, and the six which got away had been so battered that three foundered before they reached home.

Malay piracy was, in 1825, a widespread and very honourable calling. It was the profession not merely of outlaws, but of merchants, noblemen, and even Sultans.

The geography of the East Indian Islands is so suitable for piracy that it would have been surprising if it had not existed. The whole of the vast Archipelago is a maze of islands divided by straits and gulfs, some of them very wide, and others so narrow as to be barely navigable. The coasts are lined with dense mangrove swamps, through which creeks and rivers afford easy passage into the interior. The Malays were a race of skilled seamen, and the numberless islands offered secure refuge from storms.

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The mangrove swamps and rivers and the countless passages between the islands served as hiding-places in the event of defeat. The seas of the Archipelago abound in shoals and reefs, and the light pirate galleys could disappear in the creeks and swamps, while their heavy pursuers either ran aground or found the water so shallow that they had to give up the chase. Once the pirate had reached the shelter of the swamps he was safe, for the warship's boats soon lost all trace of him in the maze of waterways. Little help was to be had from the inhabitants of the country, since most of them were pirates when the opportunity occurred.

Piracy increased when the Europeans came. The Portuguese, and above all the Dutch, totally disorganized the very flourishing local commerce which had existed for centuries. In order to gain a monopoly, the Dutch forbade many of the islanders to carry on any trade, while others were allowed to bring their merchandise only to certain ports. By this means many Malays must have been ruined. The Rajas lost a large part of their revenues, for then, as later, the chiefs were merchants as well as rulers. By the nineteenth century there were few Rajas who did not secretly support the

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pirates, and give them arms and shelter in return for a share of their plunder. Many went further, and openly sent pirate fleets to sea.

So common was piracy that any sea-coast Malay engaged in it if the opportunity seemed favourable. The ordinary Malay trader was merchant and pirate by turns. There was nothing disgraceful in piracy : it was an ancient and honourable profession. As Datok Laut, an important Lanun chieftain of north-west Borneo about 1850, said, 'I am no criminal ; my ancestors from generation to generation have followed the same profession. In fact, the Lanuns consider cruising as the most honourable of professions, the only one which a gentleman and a chief can pursue, and would be deeply offended if told that they were robbers.'

By 1825 piracy had become firmly established. From Penang to New Guinea, and from Java to the Philippines, fleets of galleys swept the seas in search of plunder and slaves. Captives were as valuable a prize as merchandise. In Sulu, Brunei, Sumatra, and other places there were great markets where the pirates sold their loot and bought supplies.

By far the most formidable were the Lanuns

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of Mindanao, in the Philippines, the dreaded 'Pirates of the Lagoon.' The Balanini, who lived in a cluster of islands in the Sulu Sea, were almost equally dangerous. But they were less numerous and warlike, and for this reason they did not cause as much trouble.

Their boats were long and narrow, propelled by oars and sails, and very swift. Attached to each fleet were often a number of light, fast spy-boats, to bring news of approaching prizes. The galleys varied in size from forty to a hundred tons, and carried from forty to sixty men. The crew was protected by a breastwork of thick planks, and at times by a deck of split rattans. Their largest galleys were often over a hundred feet long, and carried a hundred and fifty men. Admiral Hunter, who accompanied the Lanuns on a cruise in 1847 disguised as a Malay, wrote that the flagship, on which he sailed, was ninety-five feet long, with ninety oars, double-banked. She had fifty-six fighting men, and was armed with twelve lelas (light guns of local manufacture, more noisy than effective), and a Spanish eighteen-pounder. Each galley was armed in this way, and also carried muskets, swords, spears, and shields. The oars were rowed by captives, who were

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treated with great cruelty. They were fed principally on rotten rice and bad water, and when worn out were thrown overboard. They were forced to row for hours at a time, and when they became exhausted the Lanuns kept them awake by rubbing cayenne pepper into their eyes.

The Lanuns had several hundred galleys, and sent out fleets every year under the command of an admiral. Each ship had a captain and three officers, and the loot was divided according to a fixed scale. As a rule the fleets sailed first to Tampassuk, their principal settlement in north-west Borneo. There they divided into squadrons, which between them covered the whole of the Eastern seas. Some sailed round Borneo and visited Celebes and New Guinea; others plundered the coasts of Bengal and Java; yet others sailed to the east coast of the Malay Peninsula and the Gulf of Siam; while every year, in August, September, and October, Lanun squadrons visited the Straits of Malacca. There they lay in wait for the pĕrahus sailing to Singapore, and did immense damage. The Rhio-Lingga Archipelago was plundered regularly, and until about 1835 Lanun squadrons sailing through the

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Straits of Malacca visited Penang and Kedah. Their ships were even met as far to the north as Rangoon. These cruises often lasted several years, and the pirates carried them out according to plan, visiting each part of the East Indies in turn. The Philippines, which lay nearest to Mindanao, suffered more severely than other parts of the Archipelago. Since 1589 the Spaniards had fought a number of wars with the Lanuns, and had generally got the worst of it. They claimed that the Lanuns were under their rule, but the Lanuns did not admit the claim, and constantly raided the harbour of Manila itself.

The damage done by the Lanuns and Balanini was vast. To estimate it, is impossible. A pĕrahu would disappear. Perhaps years later one of the crew might escape from slavery and tell his tale in Batavia or Singapore ; often not a single soul of the whole ship's company would ever be seen again. Villages near the coast were also raided, and all the inhabitants killed or carried into slavery. Like all the other pirates, the Lanuns avoided European vessels and warships, although Spanish merchantmen were sometimes captured.

Had the Balanini and Lanuns joined with

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the Malay pirates, they would have been even more dangerous. Fortunately, however, they were the bitter enemies of the pirates of the Rhio-Lingga Archipelago, the headquarters of Malay piracy. So intense was their hatred, that if either attacked a merchantman, and their rivals appeared, the prey was abandoned while the pirates attacked each other.

Near Mindanao lies a cluster of islands known as the Sulu Archipelago. Sulu, the principal town, was a line of houses straggling along the shores of a harbour. This was the commercial headquarters of the Lanuns and Balanini, the greatest slave and thieves' market in the East Indies. Here the pirate fleets returned after their long cruises, to sell their slaves and booty, and buy supplies from the Chinese and Bugis merchants who came to it. There appears to be some doubt as to whether the Sulus actually engaged in piracy themselves, or whether they merely aided, and profited by, their friends and allies the Lanuns.

After the Lanuns and Balanini the most important pirates were the Malays. Formerly they had been the most dreaded pirates of the Archipelago. The great centres of Malay piracy were the Karimon Islands, the Rhio-

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Lingga Archipelago, near the southern entrance of the Straits of Malacca, and Galang. Galang, an island to the south of the Straits of Singapore, was a miniature Sulu, the Malays' principal market for the sale of slaves and booty. Pirate settlements were also scattered all along the Sumatran coast as far as Acheen, and in every state of the Peninsula from Trengganu on the east to Kedah on the west.

There seems some reason to believe that pirate pĕrahus were fitted out in Singapore itself, and that many pirates were accustomed to visit it when not engaged in piracy. Little could be done to prevent this, as Singapore was a free port. It is probable that arms and supplies were sometimes obtained at Singapore, and that the pirates had spies in the port who sent them information when a rich prize was about to sail. Many respectable traders could not resist the temptation to capture another pĕrahu, if they saw a favourable opportunity. Since the cargo was then sold as their own, and no inconvenient witnesses were left, it was very difficult to convict them of piracy.

It was believed that the Malay pirates had between three hundred and four hundred pĕrahus. Their boats were smaller, and usually

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carried fewer men than the Lanun galleys, but they were powerful enough to overcome most local boats except the large Chinese junks. The pĕrahus were generally propelled by oars and sails, and armed with lelas (small cannon), or swivel-guns, muskets, swords, and spears. The crews varied from thirty or less to eighty or a hundred ; and each vessel was under the command of a pĕnglima (fighting man) and two mates. The spoil was divided between the crew and the Raja who had lent the money to pay for the cruise. The galleys were extremely fast, and attached to each squadron were smaller and faster spy-boats carrying only a few men.

The Malays also carried on their piracy according to a well-arranged time-table. A few months were spent in fishing and repairing the galleys ; but when the season of favourable winds arrived, each island and river sent out its ships. In squadrons of ten to twenty pĕrahus they cruised along the whole coast of the Malay Peninsula from Trengganu to Kedah, and also visited Bangka and Java.

Penang received annual visits from them, and the pirates built villages on the neighbouring islands, and in Kedah and Perak. Penang's trade suffered severely, and in 1826 raids were

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still frequently made into the harbour at night to capture prisoners for sale at Galang. As late as 1830 the pirate squadrons on their return home from their annual cruise were accustomed to sail through the middle of the harbour, between Penang and Province Wellesley. It saved them the trouble of rowing around the island.

The foundation of Singapore caused the downfall of the Malay pirates in time, but for many years it actually increased their prosperity. The island was so conveniently situated in the midst of their settlements that no long and toilsome voyages were necessary, and the war-ships at the disposal of the Straits Government were so few and small that they gave little protection to the trading pĕrahus. These boats generally sailed by themselves, or in groups of three or four, so that they were easily over-powered by the pirates, whose squadrons were made up of ten or twenty, and sometimes double that number of pĕrahus. Large fleets of Malay, Balanini, and Lanun pirates swarmed in the Straits, or lay in wait at Cape Rumenia and other places close to Singapore. As late as 1835 attacks were actually made by daylight on boats plying between the shore and ships lying

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at anchor at the mouth of the harbour. Many vessels were captured when barely out of sight of the town. Merchants suffered immense loss, and the situation grew steadily worse as the years passed. A Malay of Singapore could not 'set out on a voyage to the back of the Island (of Singapore) . . . without risk of being robbed and killed."

With the coming of the steamship in 1833–37 a new era began, for the steamship was not at the mercy of the wind. Within a few years the number of piracies grew less. Brooke explained the reason when he wrote: 'A small steamer . . . would do more towards the suppression of piracy than half a dozen sloops of war.'

In 1835, however, no one imagined that within a generation piracy would almost disappear. The Straits of Malacca swarmed with pirates—Malay, Lanun, and Balanini—and their fleets infested the waters near Malacca, Singapore, and Penang. There were pirates in fleets, and in single pĕrahus, pirates in big hundred-oared galleys, pirates in small galleys, pirates in row-boats, and solitary pirates in tiny skiffs.

But as a result of the navy's attacks from 1836 to 1839 piracy in the Straits greatly de-

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creased for several years. Very few pĕrahus were attacked, and the local traders had never been so safe. About 1843 Malay and Lanun piracy recommenced in the Straits of Malacca and along the east coast of the Peninsula. It continued until 1849, and many trading pĕrahus were captured, some of them very close to Singapore. Piracy, however, never became nearly as serious as it was before 1836. The Government of the Straits Settlements, with the assistance of the China squadron, and the Tĕmĕnggong of Johore, succeeded in dealing with the pirates. Malay piracy gradually disappeared under the British and Dutch attacks, and after 1849 it almost came to an end.

In 1845 and 1846 the British navy, assisted by Raja Brooke and his Malays, destroyed the Lanun settlements in north-west Borneo, and piracy there ceased. This result was achieved very largely through the terror inspired by the steamships. In 1847, as we have already said, the H.C. steamer *Nemesis* inflicted a very severe defeat on a Balanini squadron near Labuan. The pirates suffered so heavily that for fifteen years they carefully avoided the coast of Brunei. The Dutch were also very active at this time

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in destroying Lanun settlements; and the Spaniards dealt the Lanuns and Balanini two heavy blows by the capture of Sulu and the Balanini Islands in 1848 and 1851.

The Lanuns and Balanini continued their annual cruises for many years after 1851, but their power grew less and less. By 1854 the Straits Settlements had for some years been almost free from Lanun attacks. Soon afterwards the names of both the Lanuns and Balanini disappeared for ever from the Straits records. But long after the Straits Settlements were free from their raids the Dutch, and especially the Spaniards, were compelled to send periodical expeditions against the Lanuns and Balanini.

L. A. MILLS: *British Malaya, 1824–67.*

(By permission of the Author and the Malayan Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.)

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Lesson 16

SINGAPORE

Its Importance

Singapore was proving its importance. Raffles could not have found a better site for a British commercial centre and a link with the Farther East. It was, and it still is, the perfect site. Lying at the southern end of the Malay Peninsula, it commands the shortest route between Europe and China. In Raffles' day, when shipping had to go round Africa, there was little to choose, in point of distance, between the route through the Straits of Malacca and that through the Straits of Sunda, provided a straight course were taken without a break from the Cape of Good Hope. But for all ships that called in those days at Ceylon, or any Indian port, Singapore was far better than

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Salamanka Bay : it meant a saving of at least 1,000 miles. And, of course, when the Suez Canal was cut all European shipping was bound to take the shorter route. Singapore possesses, moreover, not only a sheltered roadstead but a fine natural harbour between its own coast and the adjacent islands. Almost automatically, therefore, its position at once began to tell.

In January, when Raffles landed, it was little more than a derelict native village—its ancient fame a half-forgotten story—with a handful of inhabitants and practically no trade. But the native traders quickly discovered the advantages of a post so central and so free from Dutch restrictions. And with trade came people. ' Already,' wrote Raffles in June, ' a population of above 5,000 souls has collected under our flag.' In 1824 that number had at least been doubled, and 35,000 tons of shipping used the port. In 1835 the population was 30,000, and the tonnage 200,000. Such quick results could not fail to impress the authorities in London. They could never, indeed, have guessed at the full magnitude of the future that awaited Singapore, but they were soon persuaded that the infant settlement was at any rate well worth keeping. In 1824 a final and friendly bargain

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was struck between the British and Netherlands Governments. Britain retained Singapore, but surrendered Bencoolen and all her claims in Sumatra. The Dutch gave up Malacca.

The Singapore Institute

Amid all his work there was one achievement in which Raffles took a special interest. Never, in any of his fields of government, had he forgotten education ; and schools for Malay children were soon springing up at Singapore under missionary control. But he had long desired to do something also for higher education and research, to create a permanent centre for the study of the languages and life of all this Eastern world in which he moved. In 1819, soon after his discovery of Singapore, he had drafted an eloquent minute, proposing that such an institution should be established in the new settlement ; he had written to Wilberforce about it from Bencoolen ; and the idea had grown in his mind till it seemed an essential feature of his new capital of the East. The city on the Straits should radiate its learning as it gathered its wealth. It was not the least

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noble of Raffles' visions, and now he could give it, or begin to give it, shape and substance.

Abdullah, who had followed his old master to Singapore, where he made a living as a Malay teacher, writer, and interpreter for the British and Chinese merchants, describes how Raffles invited 'the Sultan, the Tĕmĕnggong, and all the leading men of the Europeans' to a meeting, and expounded to them 'an undertaking of the greatest utility to this and to future generations.' He proposed, he told them, to erect an Institute in which all the main branches of knowledge should be taught, but especially, at the outset, the Malayan and Chinese languages and literature. Every one, it seems, was properly impressed; and the proceedings closed with a subscription of over 17,000 dollars for the beginning of the work.

'When this had been settled and the money collected, which was reckoned up by Mr. Raffles himself, it only remained to select a site for the Institute. Consequently, on a certain evening, he went on foot with Colonel Farquhar, conversing as they proceeded, till they arrived at Bras Basah Creek, where they halted to look around. There used to be here a sandhill covered with scrub. They then returned home,

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but on the morrow men were sent to fell the trees and to level the site ; and in five days more there came bricks, lime, and artificers, with the whole material for house building.' In about a month's time all was ready for laying the foundation stone. ' So they laid the stone below the door, and as they raised it erect, a salute of twelve guns was fired on the hill ; and hereupon Mr. Raffles named the building " Institution." ' ' I trust in God,' wrote Raffles home, ' that this Institution may be the means of civilizing and bettering the condition of millions.'

The foundation of the Singapore Institute forms a fitting climax to those nine creative months at Singapore. Raffles' study of the Malay language on his first voyage out from home enabled him to win so quick and firm a footing in his official world. His knowledge of the Malays and their life led him to Lord Minto and to Java. His researches into Malayan history inspired the thought of a British post at Singapore. The hope of spreading education and enlightenment throughout the Malayan world made him found the ' Institution.' ' Thus,' he wrote in the minute referred to above, ' will our stations become not only the centres of commerce and its luxuries, but of refinement

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and the liberal arts. If commerce brings wealth to our shores, it is the spirit of literature and philanthropy that teaches us how to employ it for the noblest purposes. It is this that has made Britain go forth among the nations, strong in her native might, to dispense blessings to all around her. If the time shall come when her Empire shall have passed away, these monuments of her virtue will endure when her triumphs have become an empty name. Let it still be the boast of Britain to write her name in characters of light.'

Raffles' True Memorial

A tablet on the wall of Hendon Parish Church informs the infrequent visitor that Raffles' body is buried there. Westminster Abbey contains a statue of him, and the Lion House at the Zoo a bust. But Raffles' true memorial is not in London, nor in England; it is overseas, to eastward, 8,000 miles away—it is the city of Singapore.

Swifter and more gigantic than even its creator can have hoped has been the growth of Singapore. Its population to-day is nearly half a million souls. In 1924 the tonnage of

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transmarine shipping, 'entered and cleared,' was almost twenty-two millions, and almost ten million tons of that was British shipping. It has far outclassed Penang, which, with Province Wellesley, Malacca, and Dindings, has long been included in the colony of the Straits Settlements, of which Singapore is the head and seat of government. It is now not merely 'the next port to Calcutta,' as Raffles expected it soon to be. The volume of its trade is larger than that of all the Indian ports together. It is, in fact, one of the twelve greatest ports in the world. Nor does anybody deny the importance of Singapore as a link in the chain of British sea-power. Statesmen may make what use of it they will; but it is what Raffles saw it must be, what geography had made it, the Malta of the East.

And inland, too, behind Singapore, the history of a hundred years has been nothing but the fulfilment of Raffles' dream. Steadily, stage by stage, from the day of his death, British trade and British influence began to radiate from the coast through all the *hinterland*. Friendly relations were established with the chiefs. British residents were appointed at their courts. In course of time the whole of the Malay Peninsula.

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from the British coastal colonies to the borders of Siam, became a British Protectorate. And the methods and results of this Protectorate have been as efficient and as benignant as if Raffles himself had controlled it. Slavery, serfdom, piracy, rapine—all the worst miseries and savageries of that ancient land, have long died out. The deadly *kris* has lost its edge. Peace, order, justice are everywhere maintained. More than six hundred schools have been established. Over a thousand miles of railway have been built, and between two and three thousand miles of metalled roads. Tin mines have been opened up, and rubber plantations introduced. The material development of Malaya has been one of the economic wonders of the world. But the feature of the Protectorate which Raffles would observe with the deepest pride, were he alive to-day, is the happiness of the people. More prosperous than they have ever been, safe at last from the old haunting fears, the old perpetual insecurity, tyranny, and wars, the Malays are unquestionably happy.

Singapore, then, the Queen of British Malaya, is Raffles' true memorial. He has been forgotten at times in London ; he has never been forgotten there. Raffles Quay, Raffles Place,

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Raffles Museum, Raffles Hotel, Raffles Library, Raffles Institution, Raffles College—everywhere the city cries out his name. And in the centre of Raffles Plain, in front of him the azure roadstead with its crowd of ships from all the world, behind him the green peninsula with its millions of contented villagers, stands Raffles' statue, watching for all time over his child. There, if anywhere on earth, his spirit lingers at peace, his dream fulfilled.

R. COUPLAND : *Raffles.*

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THE END

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